THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 4.] FEBRUARY, 1804. [Vol. I.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

A STUDENTS DIARY.....NUMBER IV.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

THIS evening was a most unwelcome one. The weather would not suffer me to go abroad, and I had planned business abroad of the most agreeable nature. At home there was no employment or amusement, for which I had any relish....I took my seat, therefore, by the fire, in the most irksome and impatient mode imaginable, and after sitting an half-hour away in listless musing and fruitless regrets, betook myself, at last, to my book-case. As it contained nothing new, I went thither in the dark, determined to bestow an hour on the first book on which my hand should accidentally light.

The volume, thus taken up at random, proved to be Robinson Crusoe; and, agreeably to my previous resolution, I began the perusal of it. I received this book, as a present, when a child of ten years old, and read it with all the raptures which it usually affords to children. Twenty years have since elapsed, and during that time, it has laid quietly in my book-case. Numberless times have I ran over my books in search of something to beguile a lonely hour. "Robinson Crusoe," have I said, as my eye glanced over it, "that's stale. I have ransacked the bowels of that long ago. Besides, it is a tale only fit for children." Now, however, I began my task with desperate resolution; but very soon did I discover sufficient reasons for continuing it in the book itself. Every thing was new to me. Either the particulars had been entirely forgotten, or they appeared to me in a light entirely new, and suggested reflections which had never before occurred, and which, indeed, could not possibly occur to the raw and unexperienced imagination of a child. I never read a work which appeared before me robed in so much novelty and singu-

larity as this work now wears. I know of none, whose plan is, in any degree, similar to it, and which has more importance and dignity. I no longer see in it, the petty adventures of a shipwrecked man, the recreations of a boyish fancy; but the workings of a mind, left to absolute and unaccustomed solitude; and a picture of the events by which the race of man is dispersed over the world, by which desert regions are colonized, and the foundations laid of new and civilized communities.

The felicity with which the story is expanded....the exquisite judgment displayed in giving conduct and feelings to the hero of the tale, suitable to his education, character, and situation are truly admirable, and form a subject for the meditation of the strongest and most intelligent minds. No quality is more conspicuous in this narration than *genius*, or the power which supplies the place of experience; and images to itself, the feelings flowing from situations in which the author never was, and perhaps never could be actually placed.

This tale is said to have been founded on the adventures of an Alexander Selkirk; but if Selkirk's story be truly related by Sir Richard Steel, it appears merely to have suggested to Defoe his plan, and not to have supplied him with materials. There is nothing in common between the real and fictitious characters, but the mere circumstance of passing some time, alone, upon a desert island. In all other points, their destinies and characters are not only different, but opposite.

It is somewhat remarkable, that Robinson's adventures are exceedingly trite, or absurdly marvellous, before his shipwreck, and after his departure from his island. Captivity, in Barbary, was a favourite theme with the fabulists of that age, and as this misfortune frequently befel the mariners of Christian Europe, it is surprising that invention, when it expatiated on this subject, has ever been so barren and absurd. I should like to see an edition of Robinson Crusoe, in which nothing was retained but what was connected with the island.

I begin to suspect that some disadvantages arise from reading valuable books at a very early age. A child can comprehend very imperfectly the feelings and conduct of men; and though the young and old of the same species must always have something in common, and therefore every narrative in which *men* perform a part, must be, in some degree, intelligible to men of all ages, yet the conceptions of the young are always crude and erroneous; and experience proves, that the first impression is extremely obstinate. As the present age has furnished numberless books expressly designed for the young, in which the characters, reasonings, and incidents are adapted to their comprehension and sensibility, it is inexcuseable to tie them down to works suited to a riper age.

Henceforth, when any of my friends are particularly auxious for something new and interesting in the literary way, I shall recommend them to Robinson Crusoe, provided they have not read the book since their fifteenth year.

FRIENDSHIP.

How many harangues have been delivered upon friendship from old Cicero's speeches to his friends under a plane tree, to my friend T.....'s last night by my fire-side. T....., indeed, is no servile copyist, for his notions of friendship are directly the reverse of Cicero's..... According to Jack, this passion, which all the world have combined to extol as a virtue, is no better than a specious vice. It is merely one of the innumerable forms which self-love assumes. He measures every man's affection for another by the gratification which his pride assumes. Tom loves Will merely because Will shews respect for Tom and interest in his concerns. Tom values and esteems Will, be-

cause Will values and esteems him. We naturally love honour and distinction; and he who flatters us by homage, who makes our reputation and interest his own, will be sure to obtain our friendship. When that homage is withdrawn....when that sympathy has ceased, we sink not merely into indifference; but pass into the adverse element of anger and revenge. One instance of neutrality cancels all former good offices ....our pride would never have been mortified if it had never been flattered.

To this remark, I had only to repeat Jack's own words and admit the truth of them....that we love *others* because they love *us*: for if this be true, there is genuine benevolence in him who begins to love; and though *we* may have no claim to disinterestedness, those who provoke our affection by giving us their's gratuitously, have surely a title to that praise.

From this conclusion, Jack could easily escape, by averring that all gratuitous friendship, was self-interest and hypocrisy, and assumed for the sake of some advantage to be gained by it: I took some pains to remove this opinion, merely for Jack's sake; for surely a man, who harbours such opinions, must want one of the chief sources of human consolation and felicity.

The truth is, that the question about the disinterestedness of our passions, properly relates merely to their origin. The means by which the seeming opposition between theorists have been reconciled, have been the notion of a progress in our feelings; in consequence of which, that which begins in selfishness, terminates in generosity.

There is surely a capacity in human nature for loving and admiring intellectual and moral excellence. No excellence is more bewitching than that constitution of mind which impels men to love excellence for its own sake, and without regard to their own interest. When this disposition is manifested by a man, it can hardly fail of exciting the attachment of a generous heart; and if this disposition selects ourselves as the objects of its ardour, what wonder that we love it the more on that account?

In their sensibility to excellence, and capacity for loving it, men differ from each other by numberless gradations. There is a scale, whose divisions would puzzle a Newton's arithmetic, to count from him who values others merely as they are instrumental to his own wealth, fame, or power, up to him who proportions his regard exactly to intrinsic merit. That the world at large furnishes numerous examples of the lowest, the highest, and of every intermediate degree in this scale, cannot be reasonably doubted. The numbers we assign to each division, affords, in some degree, a criterion of our own character, since we are extremely apt to make what *we* feel, and what *we* can do, the measure of other men's feelings and capacity.

To some men, the language of a kind and generous emotion is just as unintelligible as the terms of an Algebraic solution are to an uncultivated boor; or a discant on the purturbation of the planets to a girl of thirteen; or the dessection of a sunbeam into colorific and calorific rays to one born blind: in like manner there are, perhaps, a few, an happy few, who can as little comprehend those who love themselves only, and whose complacency for others is excited by nothing but incense offered to their pride, or gratifications administered to their sensuality.

There are many petty questions, in relation to this subject, that are always in discussion. Thus, how often is it asked, whether friendship can subsist between more than two persons: whether it can possibly subsist between man and woman: whether marriage does not dissolve all the ties of friendship: whether love for a woman add wings to our philanthropy, or take them away: whether the ties of kindred be, in their own nature, distinct from the friendly sentiment. On all these

subjects, the conversation of the serious and intelligent delights to dwell, and illustrations and examples are continually multiplying.

My creed, on this topic, wants much to make it absolute and comprehensive; but I believe I am not much in danger of contradiction in maintaining, that the number of those whom a man loves, and the degree in which he loves them, depend, first, upon the affectionateness of his own temper....a quality which nature must give, and education must cherish; and secondly, on his opportunities of meeting with and knowing those who are excellent, according to his notions of excellence. As no two persons can present themselves to our view exactly in the same light, either in kind, or in quantity, every man must have his preferable object. Man and wife, when they love and esteem each other, have, in general, motives and incentives to affection peculiar to that relation, and far stronger than are incident to any other; but this is not always so: the cement, arising from character and situation is frequently as strong, or stronger, between a married person and a stranger, as between wife and husband. And though, from the nature of a human being, who cannot be everywhere at once, and cannot think on two subjects at a time, his degrees of affection must be unequal towards different persons; but the number of beloved objects, and the degree in which each is loved, as well as their characters, depends upon the quality of his understanding, and his heart. A man may love his wife, or brother, better than any body else; and yet may love his wife, or brother very little. Another man loves his wife or brother best, but he loves a thousand others a great deal. So much, indeed, that his feelings towards the least worthy of the thousand, and his efforts for his benefit, may far exceed what the majority of mankind commonly feel and do for their wives or brothers. He who estimates the characters of others most justly, is the wisest man ....he who meets with the greatest number worthy of affection, is the most fortunate....he who loves most liberally, and benefits most amply the objects of his love, secures to himself his own reward in the very act of loving and benefiting, and is the happiest of mankind.

FAME.

I have been amused to-day, by the exact and minute scrutiny which the conduct of an obscure man has undergone, from some of the most respectable members of the community. The subject of this scrutiny, is an Irishman who arrived in the country ten weeks ago, and who took his passage, on his return, six weeks afterwards. He is a common man, of nameless origin and obscure walk. He got into service as a clerk in a retail shop, eat his meals at the nearest tavern, and harboured at night in the garret of an house without any other tenant, and where he was suffered to sleep, merely to give security to the premises. The man was a quiet, sober, plodding, and unsocial animal, who shewed his face in a certain corner, at a certain hour; filled up the columns of a ledger with figures. How few, and how faint are the traces which are left behind by the existence for ten weeks of such a man. How quickly are these traces obliterated from memory. By how small a number of persons, and for how short a period, would his departure be followed by the words...." Where is Mr. *what d'ye call him?*" "He is gone away." Amidst the crouds of a great city, of passengers in a busy street, what little momentary space did this ordinary figure engross in the eye of the observer

Very different, however, has been the fate of poor M'Coy. A few days after his departure, above twenty persons were anxiously and busily employed in ascertaining his situation, and the last acts of his residence among us, as if he were some very great personage. His name was inquired into; his hand-writing

carfully investigated; his lodging-room, and every dark corner of the house he occupied, were ransacked; his dress, voice, stature, and general manners, were accurately examined. The most transient and frivolous dialogues with those around him, were laboriously recalled to remembrance and compared with each other. All this curiosity arose from the simple circumstance of M'Coy's putting into his pocket, before his departure, a a few more hundreds than were strictly his due; and he thus become a personage of far more importance than his mother ever dreamed of.

Great misfortunes, or great crimes are inevitable roads to notoriety. In England and America, where newspapers and other periodical works, fly about in such numbers, and penetrate into every the remotest and obscurest corner, the history of a worthless individual, whom nobody knew in his life time, shall, after his death, be an object of curiosity to millions. One, who died of famine and neglect, in the darkest garret of the obscurest alley in London, shall, twelve months afterwards, be, in all his habits and concerns, intimately known to the inhabitants of Jamaica, Canada, Bengal, and Kentucky.

Who, that has read or conversed within the last twenty years, is not familiar with the name of Dr. Dodd? Elwes is quite a proverb, wherever the English language is read. And no living poet, or statesman, has half as many to inquire after and talk about, as George Barrington. Nothing, indeed, is easier than to acquire fame; that is, to obtain the privilege of being talked about very much, and by a great many. Dodd, Elwes, and Barrington's ability may, perhaps, be termed infamy; but the truth is, that the memory of Elwes, is not generally pursued with either abhorrence or contempt. He is surveyed chiefly as a singularity or prodigy; and there are lines of magnanimity and genius in Barrington, which make him, on the whole, regarded with admiration and good will.

The celebrity of such men is, or ought to be, as much allied to praise as that of many authors and heroes, whose names enjoy the veneration of the multitude. In bestowing fame, the tendency of mens actions to good, are little considered, and those who merely go about doing good all the days of their life, are fated to obscurity; or at least, come in for the smallest share, in the distribution of renown. Great powers of invention, great knowledge, or a great command of the powers of others, are the recommendations to glory; and these, exerted with no moral or beneficient purpose whatever, but merely to gratify our own caprice, to elude poverty, amass wealth, or beguile the tediousness of leisure, have given to the temple of fame almost all its inhabitants.

CUI BONO?

My new astronomical acquaintance was haranging my visitants (there were three besides himself) this evening on the history of those stones which are supposed to have fallen from the upper regions of the atmosphere. He stated, with great precision, the various modes adopted by ingenious men, of accounting for this wonderful shower, and took the trouble to detail a mathematical confutation of those who maintain that these masses, are thrown by volcanic explosion from the moon.

These details excite the liveliest interest in all present, except H..... who wound up the conversation with the ingenious exclamation of *Cui Bono?* What matters it whence they fall, or whether they fall at all? What is the use of such inquiries?

There can hardly be a more absurd or unseasonable question introduced than this, *Cui bono?* There is hardly a surer indication of a narrow and short-sighted mind. Almost every man has his favourite pursuit, and while enthusiastically attached to that, holds in soverign contempt every other topic of inquiry. When he observes others busy in a path

different from his own, he is irresistibly tempted to exclaim.... *What is the use of it?* Not reflecting that others have just as good a right to arraign the usefulness and dignity of *his* pursuit, and that every one, who has a speculative path in which he delights to tread, has the same answer to make.... *It pleases me.*

The mere Chymist, when he listens to the political theorist, is astonished any reasonable being should entertain a momentary regard for such contemptible objects. The dabbler in newspaper and party politics turns from the lucubrations of Lavoisier with disgust, and takes up the Gazette in search of *something useful.* He who spends his life in settling the true reading, and elucidating the true meaning of Theocritus or Chaucer, or in translating Milton or Grey into greek, makes scornful faces at him who is busy in examining the great points of *morbed anatomy*, or the form and texture of the body when affected with disease. The poet who muses all night long over elegy and sonnet, despises him who fatigues his brain with determining the directions and degrees of velocity with which water flows from a round hole, at the bottom of a cask. A collector of prints and paintings wonders that shame does not prevent his neighbour from roaming about the fields to pluck weeds, catch beetles, or pick up stones. Thus each enthusiast is absorbed in wonder that all mankind are not penetrated with the charms of his own idol, and that any reasonable being should value what he despises.

There is doubtles something that serves as a criterion of utility, by which the comparative value of all speculative studies, (for to them my present observations are confined) may be measured. Among different pursuits, some produce a pleasure more intense, more lasting, and effecting greater numbers than others; but this truth will scarcely justify any one in ridiculing or condemning his neighbour, for in the first place, there is but one out of many thousands, which is best, and consequently all but one is liable to some objection. In the next place, there is none among all the thousand, wholly destitute of use and benefit, for whatever agreeably employs the human faculties is so far good: so far beneficial.

True wisdom requires us to rejoice that our neighbour is not worse employed than he is, since a pursuit which we may deem frivolous, is still better than the objects which engross the zeal of the majority of mankind, and candour will restrain our censure when we reflect that very probably, our own pursuits cannot be more easily defended from the charge of frivolous or hurtful than our neighbours, and that, if they really possess advantages which others want, our attachment was not excited by the perception of their superior dignity or usefulness but sprung up by accident. That we embraced it for exactly the same selfiish reason that influenced our neighbour, because some fatuitous association disposed us to find pleasure in it.

These are sufficient reasons why the votaries of different sciences should not dispise each other. It well becomes an enlightened mind, however, to entertain curiosity for every kind of truth, and to convert by the alchemy of a strong understanding, the basest matter into gold. Such a one will perceive the kindred ties which connect all the objects of human knowledge. He will be everywhere at home. He will extract useful and delightful information from a treatise upon heraldry: or a catalogue of Scottish kings, who reigned before the flood: or a volume of year-books: or one of Wordsworth's pastorals or Maria Regina Roche's novels. Such a one can listen with equal interest to Rumford while he expatiates on the proper form of a tea-kettle, and to Herschel while he decyphers the Galaxy, and finds valuable knowledge in each of them.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE CULTURE OF COTTON.

MR. EDITOR,

COTTON has become of late years, one of the most considerable sources of our national wealth. It contributes to this end, not only as an article of exportation, but of importation. It enriches or maintains, not only a numerous class of cultivators, who produce the raw material, but a considerable number of merchants, who import the manufactured article; of shop-keepers, who vend it throughout the country, in smaller proportions; and of a third class, principally females, who are employed with the scissars and the needle, in modelling it into dress.

It is a question whether all the cotton stuffs annually consumed in the United States, do not fall short of the quantity raised and exported from a single state. South Carolina, during the last two or three years, has supplied a quantity, probably double the consumption of all the states during the same period. Some curiosity, therefore, respecting the history of so important a substance, may be expected in all intelligent minds, and the information which I collected for my own use, may be equally acceptable to some of your readers. I shall begin with giving you some account of the mode of cultivating and preparing the raw material.

It is only within about twenty years, that cotton has become a regular subject of agriculture in the United States. The congeniality of our soil and climate to this plant was long ago discovered, but the revolution, by unfettering our commerce, and removing all impediments to enterprize, has occasioned our present eminence in this branch of trade and tillage.

Cotton is distinguished, like all other *domesticated* plants, (if I may use the expresson) by many minute varieties: but the principal and usual distinctions consist in the colour of the wool and the seed. The colour of the wool is either a pale dusky yellow, commonly, though improperly, called nankeen, or a snowy and brilliant white. The latter is again distinguished into two kinds, from the colour of its seed, the green seed, and the black seed. The cottons likewise differ from each other in the proportional produce; in the period which they take to reach maturity: and, what is of most importance, in the *staple*, that is to say, in the length and tenacity of their fibres. That is the best cotton, or cotton of the best *staple*, which is reducible to the finest, evennest, and strongest thread.

The yellow, or nankeen cotton produces stuff of a stronger texture than any other, but there is a reasonable prejudice in favour of the white, whose native hue is far the most beautiful, and which is susceptible of all sorts of dyes. The black seed cotton, (or sea-island, as it is termed in commerce) is the finest in its colour and staple, of any cultivated by us, and brings a proportionable price at market.

The various kinds of cotton differ not materially in the mode of cultivation. A dry soil, in which sand does not constitute a very large proportion, is well suited to this plant. The land, however, cannot be too rich, provided it be not low and wet. Whatever ground is congenial to wheat and maize, is favourable to cotton, but the latter cannot bear the cold and storms to which the two former are insensible. The torrid and the warmest part of the temperate zones, are the only climates that are suited to it, and though the more regular seasons of Europe allow it to be raised as far north as the forty-fifth degree of latitude, it is not cultivated in China beyond the thirty-fifth, nor in North America beyond the thirty-eighth degree. Its growth seems to require that a warm summer temperature should prevail, without any remarkable disproportion between wet and dry,

for half the year, at least from April to September inclusive, in the northern hemisphere.

In the beginning of April, the land is broken up as usual by the plough, and divided into two rows, about five feet asunder. These rows are slight trenches, which, when the plant has appeared sometime above the ground, are raised into ridges by the plough.

There are two modes of planting the seed, one is to drop a certain number of seeds into holes, made eight or ten inches from each other, and this, though most laborious, saves much subsequent trouble, and occasions much less waste of the seed than the other mode, which consists in dropping the seed uninterruptedly along the trench. The superfluous growth that is thus produced, is thinned by the hand. The less promising shoots are plucked out, and by successive pickings, the crop is so far thinned, as to leave intervals of ten or twelve inches between the stalks. These intervals may be enlarged according to the luxuriance of the plant, and may be extended, in the richest soils and finest seasons, to two, three, and four feet. One bushel of seed in the latter mode of planting, is required to an acre.

The hoe is constantly employed to subdue the weeds, and no part of the field can be neglected with impunity longer than a fortnight. Little hills are formed round the selected plants, to strengthen the stalk, and avert the rain. In September, when all the pods are formed which can be expected, the remaining blossoms are cut off, that the sun and air may exert their influence the better on what remains.

In two months after planting, the blossoms make their appearance, and continue to succeed each other till arrested by the frost. In warmer climates than ours, the last of these blossoms is not matured into a pod till November or December, but as frost generally commences throughout the states as early as October, and as the cold destroys all the blossoms and imperfect pods, this month and September are generally the harvest months in Carolina and Georgia, for cotton.

I need hardly mention that the cotton-blossom is succeeded, like that of the pea and bean, by a pod or seed-vessel, divided into different cells, which contain seeds bedded in a fine silky wool. Nothing remains after the pod is completely ripened and burst, but to separate this wool (the seed adhering to it) from the pod, and afterwards to separate the wool from the seed. The first is done by the hand, the pod being left in the field. Sixty pounds of seed-cotton can be plucked in a day by one hand. The second process has sometimes been effected in the same way, but machinery of some kind is so easily adapted to the purpose, that the mere hand no longer performs it, where the crop is considerable.

The produce of an acre varies very much according to the soil and the season. The largest crop of which I have ever heard, in Georgia or Carolina, has been three hundred and fifty pounds of clean cotton per acre. The smallest produce, when there is any crop at all, on ordinary lands, does not fall short of sixty pounds per acre. From one to two hundred pounds must be considered as the middling produce, and from two to three hundred as an excellent harvest.

Machines for cleaning the cotton from the seed, are called gins. The simplest of these is called a foot gin, being kept in motion by the foot acting on a treadle, in the manner of a lathe, or spinning-wheel. They consist of two small rollers, which move in opposite ways, the circumference of each being so near each other as to admit the wool, but exclude the seed. Each of these is managed by one slave, who sets the rollers in motion, while he feeds them with cotton, and by this means will produce about twenty-five pounds a day.

A number of these machines is sometimes subjected to a common

power, by means of intermediate wheel-work. These are called barrel gins, and are moved by oxen or water. By this machinery, from ten to thirty foot-gins are set in motion at once, each being fed by a slave, and the work performed is in proportion to the number of these.

The most complete and powerful of these machines are called saw-gins: their apparatus being adapted to disengage the seed more effectually, while at the same time it nearly supplies itself. One person will suffice for a gin of this kind, which cleans eight hundred pounds a day.

No machinery hitherto invented will entirely free the cotton from all impurities. It must therefore undergo a new and careful picking, before it is put into bags. Cotton, which, when loose, occupies an enormous space in proportion to its weight, is so violently compressed by means of screws into these bags, as to be almost as impenetrable as a board; at the same time, such is the specific levity of cotton, that a cubic foot of it thus compressed, shall not weigh more than twelve or fifteen pounds.

The mode of cultivation, and the manufacture of cotton in China and India, are very little known beyond the limits of these countries. It is natural to be supposed that our arts in both these respects, might be very much improved by a knowledge of the Indian and the Chinese arts: for any information on these interesting heads, it is vain to look into ancient or modern travellers. By some fatality or other, the few who have traversed China, have fixed their eyes scarcely on a single object which deserved to be examined or described.

As to the advantages of cotton-planting, these are extremely variable. The tide of commerce is influenced by the tide of war, and as the planter's profit depends upon prices that are always fluctuating, the profit of one year affords no criterion of that of the next. X.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTES, FROM MY PORT FOLIO.

PHILIP DE VITRE was a wealthy citizen of Amiens, in the fourteenth century. Many strange stories were current about him, but the most remarkable are these: He confined himself to one pint of cold water, and half a pound of hard rye buiscuit, baked with the bran, per day, from the thirty-seventh to the ninety-ninth year of his age. He divided this into two equal portions, eating one at twelve o'clock at night, and the other at twelve at noon. He limited his sleep to six hours on an hard board, walked in the open air in his garden two hours daily, and bestowed the rest of his time on solitary study. In his dress, he was equally rigorous, but no particulars respecting that or his studies or employments, are recorded. One cannot but be desirous of knowing more of such a man, and of discovering the influence of such regimen and diet on his body and mind. His great age is a proof that this influence was salutary, and the very late period of his life, at which he commenced ascetic is likewise a proof to the same purpose. This old gentleman might have been quite as remarkable as Ludovico Canaro, and his fame as extensive, had he devoted one studious day, out of eighteen thousand, to put his history on paper. We are equally in the dark as to the object of his studies, and all the benefit which by so long a life thus spent, might have accrued to posterity, some cross accident or perverse whim, denied to us. Some ignorant heir may have huddled all his papers into a chest, and that chest into a garret, where the moth and cock-aroach have long converted the contents to their own use.

In the year 1777, one Thomas Coccles of Yarmouth was robbed of a large sum of money. He ad-

vertised his loss, and threatened the unknown robbers, that, if they did not return the money by a certain day, he would apply to Abram Cavenaugh the *cunning man*. The greater part of the money was returned before the day appointed, with an excuse, that the remainder had been spent. Witchcraft, we see, can produce some advantages. By the way, has the pretensions of that class of persons who profess to tell fortunes and discover stolen goods, even been examined by intelligent observers?

A magistrate of Yarmouth, having his attention excited by the foregoing incident, paid a visit to Abraham the conjurer, who produced a letter inclosing a bank note of ten pounds. The letter signified that the bill was sent to him as hush money, should Coccles, dissatitfied with a partial reimbursement, still apply to him. "Your raverance," said the postcript, "knows every thing, and so your worship knows that I gave the rest to Pig Singleton, and she's run'd away to Lunnun with a sailor."

The magistrate recognized, in this scrawl, the hand of a discarded footman of his own, who was forthwith arrested, confessed the fact, and was transported for fourteen years. As honesty, the proverb says, is the best policy, every rogue must be a fool: but every rogue is a fool in a less refined sense of the word. He almost universally wants skill enough to effect his own purpose, and discretion enough to keep his own secret. As the vulgar in general, and especially the dishonest part of them, are extremely ignorant and credulous, might not the magistrate make a good use of an engine like this? Constables and conjurers would make useful officers of justice, and the latter would, perhaps, be much the most useful of the two.

In the year 1733, a traveller arrived, late at night, at a large village in the north of England, (say the chronicles of the times) tired and dispirited. As soon as he entered the Boar-head inn, the landlord inquired his name. He was in debt, and was actually making his way to the nearest seaport, to escape from England. This inquiry awakened his suspicion, and though his real name was *Cackle-thistle*, he told them it was *Thistle-thwaite*. One looked upon the rest, and exclaimed, "a near chance indeed!" They then exhibited a copy of a will made by an inhabitant of the town, leaving ten thousand pounds, his whole property, to that person, bearing, from his birth, the same name with himself, who should first arrive at the Boar-head inn. The testators name was *Cacklethistle*, and this will was made in pursuance of an hasty vow made by the testator, on some act of disobedience in his only relation. It is needless to add that the traveller immediately established his claim, and got the legacy. A will of this kind, appears, at first sight, very absurd; but, in a reasonable point of view, nine out of ten of the wills, both of the living and of the dead, are equally absurd. As men scrape together money without any view to the public good, so when they can enjoy it no longer, they dispose of it as chance, anger or caprice suggest. In European countries, where *family* is of so much importance, there is no stronger claim to posthumous beneficence, than similitude of name.

MEMOIRS OF CARWIN THE BILOQUIST.

(Continued from page 259.)

My visits gradually became more frequent. Meanwhile my wants increased, and the necessity of some change in my condition became daily more urgent. This incited my reflections on the scheme which I had formed. The time and place suitable to my design,

were not selected without much anxious inquiry and frequent waverings of purpose. These being at length fixed, the interval to elapse, before the carrying of my design into effect, was not without perturbation and suspense. These could not be concealed from my new friend and at length prompted him to inquire into the cause.

It was not possible to communicate the whole truth; but the warmth of his manner inspired me with some degree of ingenuousness. I did not hide from him my former hopes and my present destitute condition. He listened to my tale with no expressions of sympathy, and when I had finished, abruptly inquired whether I had any objection to a voyage to Europe? I answered in the negative. He then said that he was preparing to depart in a fortnight and advised me to make up my mind to accompany him.

This unexpected proposal gave me pleasure and surprize, but the want of money occurred to me as an insuperable objection. On this being mentioned, Oho! said he, carelessly, that objection is easily removed, I will bear all expenses of your passage myself.

The extraordinary beneficence of this act as well as the air of uncautiousness attending it, made me doubt the sincerity of his offer, and when new declarations removed this doubt, I could not forbear expressing at once my sense of his generosity and of my own unworthiness.

He replied that generosity had been expunged from his catalogue as having no meaning or a vicious one. It was the scope of his exertions to be just. This was the sum of human duty, and he that fell short, ran beside, or outstripped justice was a criminal. What he gave me was my due or not my due. If it were my due, I might reasonably demand it from him and it was wicked to withhold it. Merit on one side or gratitude on the other, were contradictory and unintelligible.

If I were fully convinced that this benefit was not my due and yet received it, he should hold me in contempt. The rectitude of my principles and conduct would be the measure of his approbation, and no benefit should he ever bestow which the receiver was not entitled to claim, and which it would not be criminal in him to refuse.

These principles were not new from the mouth of Ludloe, but they had, hitherto, been regarded as the fruits of a venturous speculation in my mind. I had never traced them into their practical consequences, and if his conduct on this occasion had not squared wth his maxims, I should not have imputed to him inconsistency. I did not ponder on these reasonings at this time: objects of immediate importance engrossed my thoughts.

One obstacle to this measure was removed. When my voyage was performed how should I subsit in my new abode? I concealed not my perplexity and he commented on it in his usual manner. How did I mean to subsist, he asked, in my own country? The means of living would be, at least, as much within my reach there as here. As to the pressure of immediate and absolute want, he believed I should be exposed to little hazard. With talents such as mine, I must be hunted by a destiny peculiarly malignant, if I could not provide myself with necessaries wherever my lot were cast.

He would make allowances, however, for my diffidence and self-distrust, and would obviate my fears by expressing his own intentions with regard to me. I must be apprized, however, of his true meaning. He laboured to shun all hurtful and vitious things, and therefore carefully abstained from making or confiding *in promises*. It was just to assist me in this voyage, and it would probably be equally just to continue to me similar assistance

when it was finished. That indeed was a subject, in a great degree, within my own cognizance. His aid would be proportioned to my wants and to my merits, and I had only to take care that my claims were just, for them to be admitted.

This scheme could not but appear to me eligible. I thirsted after an acquaintance with new scenes; my present situation could not be changed for a worse; I trusted to the constancy of Ludloe's friendship; to this at least it was better to trust than to the success of my imposture on Dorothy, which was adopted merely as a desperate expedient: finally I determined to embark with him.

In the course of this voyage my mind was busily employed. There were no other passengers beside ourselves, so that my own condition and the character of Ludloe, continually presented themselves to my reflections. It will be supposed that I was not a vague or indifferent observer.

There were no vicissitudes in the deportment or lapses in the discourse of my friend. His feelings appeared to preserve an unchangeable tenor, and his thoughts and words always to flow with the same rapidity. His slumber was profound and his wakeful hours serene. He was regular and temperate in all his exercises and gratifications. Hence were derived his clear perceptions and exuberant health.

This treatment of me, like all his other mental and corporal operations, was modelled by one inflexible standard. Certain scruples and delicacies were incident to my situation. Of the existence of these he seemed to be unconscious, and yet nothing escaped him inconsistent with a state of absolute equality.

I was naturally inquisitive as to his fortune and the collateral circumstances of his condition. My notions of politeness hindered me from making direct inquiries. By indirect means I could gather nothing but that his state was opulent and independent, and that he had two sisters whose situation resembled his own.

Though, in conversation, he appeared to be governed by the utmost candour; no light was let in upon the former transactions of his life. The purpose of his visit to America I could merely guess to be the gratification of curiosity.

My future pursuits must be supposed chiefly to occupy my attention. On this head I was destitute of all stedfast views. Without profession or habits of industry or sources of permanent revenue, the world appeared to me an ocean on which my bark was set afloat, without compass or sail. The world into which I was about to enter, was untried and unknown, and though I could consent to profit by the guidance I was unwilling to rely on the support of others.

This topic being nearest my heart, I frequently introduced into conversation with my friend; but on this subject he always allowed himself to be led by me, while on all others, he was zealous to point the way. To every scheme that I proposed he was sure to cause objections. All the liberal professions were censured as perverting the understanding, by giving scope to the sordid motive of gain, or embuing the mind with erroneous principles. Skill was slowly obtained, and success, though integrity and independence must be given for it, dubious and instable. The mechanical trades were equally obnoxious; they were vitious by contributing to the spurious gratifications of the rich and multiplying the objects of luxury; they were destruction to the intellect and vigour of the artizan; they enervated his frame and brutalized his mind.

When I pointed out to him the necessity of some species of labour, he tacitly admitted that necessity, but refused to direct me in the choice of a pursuit, which though not free from defect should yet have the fewest inconveniences. He dwelt on the fewness of our ac-

tual wants, the temptations which attend the possession of wealth, the benefits of seclusion and privacy, and the duty of unfettering our minds from the prejudices which govern the world.

His discourse tended merely to unsettle my views and increase my perplexity. This effect was so uniform that I at length desisted from all allusions to this theme and endeavoured to divert my own reflections from it. When our voyage should be finished, and I should actually tread this new stage, I believed that I should be better qualified to judge of the measures to be taken by me.

At length we reached Belfast. From thence we immediately repaired to Dublin. I was admitted as a member of his family. When I expressed my uncertainty as to the place to which it would be proper for me to repair, he gave me a blunt but cordial invitation to his house. My circumstances allowed me no option and I readily complied. My attention was for a time engrossed by a diversified succession of new objects. Their novelty however disappearing, left me at liberty to turn my eyes upon myself and my companion, and here my reflections were supplied with abundant food.

His house was spacious and commodious, and furnished with profusion and elegance. A suit of apartments was assigned to me, in which I was permitted to reign uncontrolled and access was permitted to a well furnished library. My food was furnished in my own room, prepared in the manner which I had previously directed. Occasionally Ludloe would request my company to breakfast, when an hour was usually consumed in earnest or sprightly conversation. At all other times he was invisible, and his apartments, being wholly separate from mine, I had no opportunity of discovering in what way his hours were employed.

He defended this mode of living as being most compatible with liberty. He delighted to expatiate on the evils of cohabitation. Men, subjected to the same regimen, compelled to eat and sleep and associate at certain hours, were strangers to all rational independence and liberty. Society would never be exempt from servitude and misery, till those artificial ties which held human beings together under the same roof were dissolved. He endeavoured to regulate his own conduct in pursuance of these principles, and to secure to himself as much freedom as the present regulations of society would permit. The same independence which he claimed for himself he likewise extended to me. The distribution of my own time, the selection of my own occupations and companions should belong to myself.

But these privileges, though while listening to his arguments I could not deny them to be valuable, I would have willingly dispensed with. The solitude in which I lived became daily more painful. I ate and drank, enjoyed clothing and shelter, without the exercise of forethought or industry; I walked and sat, went out and returned for as long and at what seasons I thought proper, yet my condition was a fertile source of discontent.

I felt myself removed to a comfortless and chilling distance from Ludloe. I wanted to share in his occupations and views. With all his ingenuousness of aspect and overflow of thoughts, when he allowed me his company, I felt myself painfully bewildered with regard to his genuine condition and sentiments.

He had it in his power to introduce me to society, and without an introduction, it was scarcely possible to gain access to any social circle or domestic fireside. Add to this, my own obscure prospects and dubious situation. Some regular intellectual pursuit would render my state less irksome, but I had hitherto adopted no scheme of this kind.

(To be continued.)

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For the Literary Magazine.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

NO. IV.

I KNOW few performances which have assumed the name of poetry and which have obtained a considerable share of celebrity, so truly worthless as Wordsworth's LYRICAL BALLADS. As it is a principal design of this work, to enforce the pure principles of morality and taste, to detect false pretensions and erroneous criticism, as well as honestly to applaud literary merit wherever it is found, the reader of these critical notices will excuse the writer for descending from the observations of Milton's heaven-ward flight, to point out the bat-like wheelings of this rhyming wight. It appears to be the great aim and study of Mr. Wordsworth to be simple; but he knew not what simplicity was. He did not know how to distinguish this daughter of beauty and grace from affectation. His pretended simplicity resembles the vacant-headed girl, who, in order to appear interesting, and to discover more than infantile sweetness, hangs her head on one shoulder, points forward a coral lip, and rolls backward and forward a dark eye-ball void of speculation. Let us, however, take a nearer view of Mr. Wordsworth's poems. General remarks like those which have been offered, are no detection of his false taste. Our court of criticism is governed both by law and equity. We shall neither approve nor condemn a man without proof. Nay, we are determined never to arraign a man, or condemn him, without we conceive that it will tend to the public good. Now I conceive, that Mr. Wordsworth's writings have had some influence in establishing perverted principles of taste. His works have been admired and imitated in London, and in this city....therefore, if we prosecute the intention which has been mentioned, something must be said concerning these.

I would be unjust did I say, that all the poems contained in the two volumes of Lyrical Ballads were equally ridiculous. I have here and there met with a strain which they contained that I admired; but the nonsense of them so very far over balances any thing in them deserving of the slightest approbation, that my general decision concerning them, I deem to be perfectly correct. Perhaps no poem, in the whole collection, has received more applause than the one entitled "The Thorn." I once heard a gentleman say, smacking lips (and this gentleman entertained the most exalted opinion of his own discernment and importance) Sir, had Wordsworth taken a little more pains with that "Thorn," it would have been a most delectable performance. I will endeavour to give some account of this "Thorn," and to follow my outline with a delicious extract...."On the side of a mountain was discovered an aged Thorn, a pond and something in the form of an infant's grave....to the very spot where these objects were visible, nightly resorted a woman in a scarlet cloak, and there she squatted down and cried

"Oh misery! Oh misery!
"Oh woe is me! Oh misery."

The author is very solicitous to discover why this woman resorted to that singular spot; and why she poured forth on the ear of night her heart-rending ditty. He tells his readers, that he will do all he can to satisfy them as to the reasons; and after unfolding all that he knew, he leaves it to them to determine, whether this woman had not murdered her infant, and impelled by the strength of her remorse, did not thus frequently visit the spot where she had buried it. It is, however, but just that the poet should speak a little for himself, as indeed no analysis could do justice to his wonderful story. Take then, gentle readers, the following verses which, by the help of the preceding account, you may be enabled to unravel. I

have marked in italics, what I have no doubt the author, simple genius! thought the most excellent lines of his poem.

" Now wherefore thus, by day and night,
" In rain, in tempest, and in snow,
" Thus to the dreary mountain-top
" Does this poor woman go?
" And why sits she beside the Thorn
" When the blue day-light's in the sky,
" Or when the whirlwind's on the hill,
" Or frosty air is keen and still,
" And wherefore does she cry?
" Oh wherefore? wherefore? tell me why
" Does she repeat that doleful cry?"

I cannot tell; I wish I could;
For the true reason no one knows,
But if you'd gladly view the spot,
The spot to which she goes;
The heap that's like an infant's grave,
The pond....and Thorn....so old and grey,
Pass by her door....tis seldom shut....,
And if you see her in her hut,
Then to the spot away!
I never heard of such as dare
Approach the spot when she is there.

" But wherefore to the mountain-top
" Can this unhappy woman go,
" Whatever star is in the skies,
" Whatever wind may blow?"
Nay rack your brain....'tis all in vain;
I'll tell you every thing I know;
But to the Thorn, and to the pond
Which is a little step beyond,
I wish that you would go:
Perhaps when you are at the place
You something of her tale may trace.

I'll give you the best help I can:
Before you up the mountain go,
Up to the dreary mountain-top,
I'll tell you all I know.
'Tis now some two and twenty years,
Since she (her name is Martha Ray)
Gave with a maiden's true good will
Her company to Stephen Hill;
And she was blithe and gay,
And she was happy, happy still
Whene'r she thought of Stephen Hill.

And as they fix'd the wedding day,
The morning that must wed them both;
But Stephen to another maid
Had sworn another oath;
And with this other maid to church
Unthinking Stephen went....
Poor Martha! on that woeful day
A cruel, cruel fire, they say,
Into her bones was sent:
It dried her body like a cinder,
And almost turn'd her brain to tinder.

They say, full six months after this,
While yet the summer-leaves were green,
She to the mountain-top would go,
And there was often seen.
'Tis said, a child was in her womb,
As now to any eye was plain;
She was with child, and she was mad,
Yet often she was sober-sad
From her exceeding pain.
Oh me! ten thousand times I'd rather
That he had died, that cruel father!

Sad case for such a brain to hold
Communion with a stirring child!
Sad case, as you may think, for one
Who had a brain so wild!
Last Christmas when we talked of this,
Old Farmer Simpson did maintain,
That in her womb the infant wrought
About its mother's heart, and brought
Her senses back again:
And when at last, her time drew near,
Her looks were calm, her senses clear.

No more I know, I wish I did,
And I would tell it all to you;
For what became of this poor child
There's none that ever knew.
And if a child was born or no,
There's no one that could ever tell
And if 'twas born alive or dead,
There's no one knows, as I have said,
But some remember well,
That Martha Ray about this time
Would up the mountain often climb.

And all that winter, when at night
The wind blew from the mountain-peak,
'Twas worth your while, though in the dark,

The church-yard path to seek:
For many a time and oft were heard
Cries coming from the mountain-
head,
Some plainly living voices were,
And others, I've heard many swear,
Were voices of the dead:
I cannot think, whate'er they say,
They had to do with Martha Ray.

But that she goes to this old Thorn,
The Thorn which I've describ'd to
you,
And there sits in a scarlet cloak,
I will be sworn is true.
For one day with my telescope,
To view the ocean wide and bright,
When to this country first I came,
Ere I had heard of Martha's name,
I climbed the mountains' height:
A storm came on, and I could see
No object higher than my knee.

'Twas mist and rain, and storm and
rain,
No screen, no fence could I discover,
And then the wind! in faith it was
A wind full ten times over!
I looked around, I thought I saw
A jutting crag, and off I ran,
Head-foremost, through the driving
rain,
The shelter of the crag to gain,
And, as I am a man,
Instead of jutting crag, I found
A woman seated on the ground.

I did not speak....I saw her face....
Her face it was enough for me;
I turn'd about and heard her cry,
"Oh misery! Oh misery!"
And there she sits, until the moon
Through half the clear blue sky will
go,
And when the little breezes make
The waters of the pond to shake,
As all the country know,
She shudders and you hear her cry,
"Oh misery! oh misery!"

"But what's the Thorn? and what's
the pond?
"And what's the hill of moss to
her?
"And what's the creeping breeze that
comes
"The little pond to stir?"
I cannot tell; but some will say
She hanged her baby on the tree,
Some say she drowned it in the pond,
Which is a little step beyond,
But all and each agree,
The little babe was buried there,
Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

Enough of the Thorn. Who now will not say with the critic alluded to, had Wordsworth taken a little more pains with that Thorn, it would have been a most delectable thing. I pass on to a performance *still superior*, entitled, The Idiot Boy, whose mother's name, by way of gingle, was Betty Foy.

I have always admired striking exordiums.

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king"....

is a bold and abrupt beginning.

"Hark! heard you not that footstep
dread"....

is an opening which at once awakens attention.

"Had I but the torrents might"....

is a first line which is strong and impressive.

Who would not think that Hamlet saw a ghost, when he suddenly and tremblingly exclaimed

"Angels, and ministers of grace, defend us!"

After observing these examples, let us attend to the manner in which our poet commences his tale of the Idiot Boy.

'Tis eight o'clock,....a clear March
night,
The moon is up ...the sky is blue,
The owlet in the moonlight air,
He shouts from nobody knows where;
He lengthens out his lonely shout,
Halloo! halloo! a long halloo!

....Why bustle thus about your door,
What means this bustle, Betty Foy?
Why are you in this mighty fret?
And why on horseback have you set
Him whom you love, your Idiot boy?

Beneath the moon that shines so
bright,
Till she is tired, let Betty Foy,

With girt and stirrup fiddle-faddle;
But wherefore set upon a saddle
Him whom she loves, her Idiot boy?
There's scarce a soul that's out of bed;
Good Betty! put him down again;
His lips with joy they burr at you
But, Betty! what has he to do
With stirrup, saddle, or with rein?

The poet then proceeds to let us know the reason why Betty Foy has placed her son upon the horse, at this unseasonable hour of the night; and, in his own language, her reasons are simply these....

Old Susan, she who dwells alone,
Is sick, and makes a piteous moan,
As if her very life would fail.

There's not a house within a mile,
No hand to help them in distress:
Old Susan lies a-bed in pain,
And sorely puzzled are the twain,
For what she ails they cannot guess.

And Betty's husband's at the wood,
Where by the week he doth abide,
A woodman in the distant vale;
There's none to help poor Susan Gale,
What must be done? what will betide?

And Betty from the lane has fetched
Her pony, that is mild and good,
Whether he be in joy or pain,
Feeding at will along the lane,
Or bringing faggots from the wood.

The poet proceeds to inform us, that after Betty has set Johnny upon the saddle, she gives him particular directions in what way to go in search of the doctor, and to desire him to come and "comfort poor old Susan Gale." Johnny, we are informed, after he gets under way, instead of proceeding in the most expeditious manner to the house of the physician, wanders wherever his bewildered fancy entices him. The offset of his curious journey, is so peculiarly described, that justice will not permit me to withhold it from my readers.

But when the pony *moved his legs,*
Oh! then for the poor Idiot boy!
For joy he cannot hold the bridle,
For joy his head and heels are idle,
He's idle all for every joy.

And while the poney moves his legs,
In Johnny's left hand you may see
The green bough motionless and dead;
The moon that shines above his head
Is not more still and mute than he.

His heart it was so full of glee,
That till full fifty yards were gone,
He quite forgot his holly whip,
And all his skill in horsemanship,
Oh! happy, happy, happy John!

And Betty's standing at the door
And Betty's face with joy o'erflows,
Proud of herself and proud of him,
She sees him in his travelling trim,
How quietly her Johnny goes.

The silence of her Idiot Boy,
What hopes it sends to Betty's heart!
He's at the guide-post....he turns right,
She watches till he's out of sight,
And Betty will not then depart.

Burr, burr....now Johnny's lips they burr,
As loud as any mill, or near it;
Meek as a lamb the poney moves,
And Johnny makes the noise he loves;
And Betty listens, glad to hear it.

Away she hies to Susan Gale:
And Johnny's in a merry tune,
The owlets hoot, the owlets curr,
And Johnny's lips they burr, burr, burr,
And on he goes *beneath the moon.*

The time expected for Johnny's return arrives, but he does not make his appearance. Says the poet....

The clock is on the stroke of twelve,
And Johnny is not yet in sight,
The moon's in heaven, as Betty sees,
But Betty is not quite at ease;
And Susan has a dreadful night.

The restless and indiscreet Betty, unable to quiet her apprehensions, goes in pursuit of her Idiot Son ....she searches every hill and lane, &c....she uses a number of exclamations....she spares neither John, his poney, nor the doctor. The author at length conducts her to the door

of the son of Æsculapius....and then entertains us with the following description and dramatic interview.

And now *she's at the doctor's door,*
She lifts the knocker, rap, rap, rap!
The doctor at the casement shews,
His glimmering eyes that peep and doze;
And one hand rubs his old night-cap.

" Oh doctor! doctor! where's my Johnny?"
" I'm here, what is't you want with me?"
" Oh Sir! you know I am Betty Foy,
" And I have lost my poor dear boy,
" You know him....him you often see;

" He's not so wise as some folks be;
" The devil take his wisdom!" said
The doctor looking somewhat grim,
" What, woman! should I know of him?"
And, grumbling, he went back to bed.

" O woe is me! O woe is me!
" Here will I die; here will I die;
" I thought to find my Johnny here,
" But he is neither far nor near,
" Oh! what a wretched mother I!"

As it would take up too much of our time to pursue Betty in all her " quandaries" and windings in search of Johnny, let me inform my readers, that Betty, while almost spent with toil, finds her boy, embraces him, and gives way to the wild transports of her joy. This successful termination of her wearisome search, is one of the finest exhibitions of the author's simplicity of manner. I shall therefore give it to the eager curiosity of criticism.

Who's yon, that near the water-fall
Which thunders down with headlong force,
Beneath the moon, yet shining fair,
As careless as if nothing were,
Sits upright on a feeding horse?

Upon his horse, that's feeding free,
He seems, I think, the rein to give;
Of moon or stars he takes no heed;
Of such we in romances read,
....'Tis Johnny! Johnny! as I live!

And that's the very poney too,
Where is she....where is Betty Foy!
She hardly can sustain her fears;
The roaring water-fall she hears,
And cannot find her Idiot boy.

Your poney's worth his weight in gold,
Then calm your terrors, Betty Foy!
She's coming from among the trees,
And now, all full in view, she sees
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And Betty sees the poney too:
Why stand you thus Good Betty Foy?
It is no goblin, 'tis no ghost,
'Tis he whom you so long have lost,
He whom you love, your Idiot boy.

She looks again....her arms are up....
She screams....she cannot move for joy;
She darts as with a torrent's force,
She almost has o'erturn'd the horse,
And fast she holds her Idiot boy.

And Johnny burrs and laughs aloud,
Whether in cunning, or in joy,
I cannot tell; but while he laughs,
Betty a drunken pleasure quaffs,
To hear again her Idiot boy.

And now she's at the poney's tail,
And now she's at the poney's head,
On that side now, and now on this,
And almost stifled with her bliss,
A few sad tears does Betty shed.

She kisses o'er and o'er again,
Him whom she loves, her Idiot boy!
She's happy here, she's happy there,
She is uneasy every where;
Her limbs are all alive with joy.

She pats the poney, where or when
She knows not, happy Betty Foy!
The little poney glad may be,
But he is milder far than she,
You hardly can perceive his joy.

The tale concludes with the appearance of old Susan Gale, who had left her sick-bed and came out with the laudable desire of discovering what retarded the return of her two absent compassionate friends.

This tale considered in the aggregate, has surely great claims to originality. It must be confessed, that it strictly observes the epic

rules. It has a beginning, a middle and an end; and if what Bossuet insists upon is true, that an epic poem must hold in view some moral, this tale will not shrink from Bossuet's examination....For what can be more praiseworthy than to indulge compassion and benevolence for a poor sick neighbouring wind.

To drop all irony...I was, at times, disposed to think that Wordsworth intended some of his ballads as burlesques, as impositions upon the credulous parts of the world. But when I turned to his notes, and found them from his own pen, some very serious criticisms on his own performances, and when I read his preface, in which he advocates, with all his ingenuity, his adopted style of writing this surmise was put to flight.

I designed to close this number of critical notices with some observations intended to distinguish between simplicity, vulgarity, and affectation ....but upon trial, I find that the difference can be much easier perceived and felt than described.... what it would take pages to explain, true taste would perceive with the rapidity of a glance. The classical scholar...the man of elegance and refinement will express his opinions with simplicity....he will avoid both vulgar and pedantic words. Demosthenes, who is the orator of simplicity, spoke a language intelligible to the lowliest of his countrymen, and, at the same time, strictly elegant. An orator of a very different description, not long ago rose in the house of commons, and in the simplicity of his heart, and in the honesty of his terms thus advocated bull-baiting...." The people have a right to their pleasures: the rich have their Kembles, their Siddons's, and their Billingtons....why then will you rob the poor people of their Bulls?"

The critic would never consider simplicity as the distinguishing excellency of the poetry of Cowley, of Milton, of Pope, of Gray, of Akenside, of Collins; but he would say, that it peculiarly belongs to Theocritus, to Thompson, to Armstrong, to Shenstone, to Goldsmith, to Cowper, to Burns. He would say, that Darwin's poems are glaring instances of departure from simplicity, and purity, and elegance. He would say, that although the prose writings of Johnson and Burke are, in most respects, among the greatest performances of genius; yet that they are not peculiarly marked by simplicity....while, on the other hand, in the works of Swift, of Sir William Temple, of Addison, of William Melmoth, and of Goldsmith, this quality is conspicuous. Shakspeare, whose portraits no painter has rivalled, who wielded a literary thunderbolt which no other poet could grasp, has, occasionally, touched the strings of the purest simplicity. I would enrich these notices with some extracts from him, in exemplification of this assertion; but this number has, imperceptibly, been extended to such a length, that I fear the patience of my readers has already said.... desist. I. O.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE SALUBRITY OF WARM ROOMS.

It is a question often discussed, whether living in a warm room in winter be, or be not, detrimental to health?

There is no doubt whatever of the necessity of pure air for the support of life and health, but erroneous opinions are entertained, respecting the effects of that equal, and at the same time moderate heat, which can only be obtained in rooms where strong currents of air up the chimney are not permitted. Those who have been used to living in large apartments, in which the large fires that are kept up, instead of making the rooms equally warm, do little more than increase the violence of those streams of cold air, which come whistling in through every crevice of the doors and windows; when such persons come into a room

in which an equal and genial warmth prevails in every part, struck with the novelty of the sensation that this general warmth produces, they are very apt to fancy that the air is close, and consequently that it must be unwholesome, and are uneasy until a door or a window be opened, in order that they may get what they call fresh air.

But they do not seem to make a proper distinction between fresh air, and pure air. When they call for fresh air, they doubtless mean purer air. They certainly get colder air, but I much doubt whether they often get air that is more wholesome to breathe; and it is most certain, that the chilling streams and eddies that are occasioned in the room by the fresh air so introduced, are extremely changed, and are often the cause of the most fatal disorders.

It is universally allowed to be very dangerous to be exposed in a stream of cold air, especially when standing or sitting still; but how much must the danger be increased if one side of the body be heated by the powerful rays from a large fire, while the other is chilled by these cold blasts? And there is this singular circumstance attending these chills, that they frequently produce their mischievous effects without our being sensible of them; for as the mind is incapable of attending to more than one sensation at one and at the same time, if the intensity of the sensation produced by the heat on the one side of the body be superior to that of the cold on the other, we shall remain perfectly insensible of the cold, however severe it may really be, and if we are induced by the disagreeableness of what we do feel to turn about, or change our position or situation, this movement will be occasioned, not by the cold, which we do not feel, but by the heat, which being superior in its effect upon us, engages all our attention. And hence we may account for those severe colds or catarrhs, which are so frequently gotten in hot rooms by persons who are not conscious at the time of being exposed to any cold, but, on the contrary, suffer great and continual inconvenience from the heat.

I have said, that these colds are gotton in hot rooms, but it would have been more accurate to have said, in rooms where there is a great fire....or where there is a great heat, occasioned by a great number of burning candles, or by a great number of persons crowded together....for it is very seldom indeed that our rooms are much heated, and there being cold is the principal cause which renders partial heats that occasionally exist in them so very injurious to health.

The air of the room that comes into contact with the cold walls, and with the enormous windows, is suddenly cooled, and being condensed, and made specifically heavier than it was before, in consequence of this loss of heat, it descends and forms cold streams, that are so much the more rapid and more dangerous as the partial heats in the room are more intense, consequently they are the more dangerous, as they are less liable to be observed or felt.

If to these cold currents which are generated in the room, we add those which come into it from without, to supply the enormous quantity of air that is continually going off by the chimney, when there is a great quantity of coals burning in an open grate, we shall not be surprised, that those who venture to go into such rooms without being well wrapped up in furs, or other warm clothing, should be liable to take colds.

I never see a delicate young lady dressed in thin muslins, or gauzes, in the midst of winter, expose herself in such a perilous situation without shuddering for the consequences. But how many young persons of both sexes do we find, of delicate habits, and particularly among the higher ranks of society? And what vast numbers are carried off annually by consumptions!

It is well known, that this dreadful disorder is almost always brought on by colds, and that the cold of

winter is commonly fatal to consumptive people; but why should the inhabitants of this country be so peculiarly subject to these colds? Is it not highly probable, that it is because they do not take proper care to prevent them? For my part, I declare, in the most serious manner, that I have not the smallest doubt that this is really the case.

Much has been said of the supposed danger of keeping rooms warm in winter, on account of the necessity most people are under of sometimes going into the cold air. But how many proofs are there, that these sudden transitions from heat to cold, or from cold to heat, are not attended with danger, if care be taken to be properly clothed, and if the heats and colds are not partial?

How very hot do the Swedes and the Russians keep their houses during the long and severe frosts that prevail in winter in those countries; and yet no people are more strong and healthy than they are, nor are there any less liable to catarrhs and consumptions.

It is the very warm rooms in which this hardy race of men spend much of their time in winter, (which, by promoting a free circulation of their blood gives them health and strength) that enables them to support, without injury, exposure, for short periods, to the most intense cold.

In Germany, the rooms of people of rank and fashion are commonly kept in winter, at the temperature of about sixty-four or sixty-five degrees of Farenheit's thermometer (the dwellings of the peasants are kept much hotter) but though the ladies in that country are, from their infancy, brought up with the greatest care, and are as little exposed to hardships, as the women of condition in this, or in any other country, they find no inconvenience in going out of these warm rooms into the cold air. They even frequent the plays and the operas, and go on slaying parties, during the severest frosts, and spend one whole month in the depth of winter (in the season of the carnival) in one continual round of balls and masquerades. And what may appear to many still more incredible, they seldom fail, whatever the severity of the weather may be, to spend half an hour every morning in a cold church.

But if in Germany, where the winters are very severe, persons tenderly brought up, and of delicate habits, find no inconvenience whatever in living in warm rooms, and in going from them into the cold air, why should warm rooms be unwholesome in any country?

There cannot surely be any thing injurious to health in the genial warmth of sixty or sixty-five degrees ...and if pure air for respiration is what is wanted, a suitable height of ceiling secures us against all danger from that quarter.

For the Literary Magazine.

AGRICULTURAL ESSAYS.
NO. I.

Digna manet divini gloria ruris...VIR.

Mr. Editor,

IF you can occasionally spare a column of your work for plain and useful subjects, I propose, from time to time, as inclination and leisure are afforded, to offer you some hints on agricultural subjects.

Agriculture has long been considered by the wisest and best men, as the base of the pyramid of national wealth and happiness. Our immortal Washington gave his assent, his practical assent to this proposition; and I wish his example may be more generally followed by his countrymen.

Upon consulting the history of English agriculture, we shall be convinced of the importance of the improvements to which it owes its present degree of prosperity in that country.

The advantages that have resulted to Great Britain from the culti-

vation of three articles, clover, turnips, and sainfoine, are almost incredible, were they not vouched by the respectable authority of Arthur Young, Esq. a man to whom agriculturalists owe more than to any person that has ever attempted to improve their useful art.

He says the annual product of turnips and clover, amounts to ten millions six hundred and sixty-six thousand five hundred and eleven ....Sainfoine cannot make it less than twelve millions.

Remember, says he, that by reason of turnips the barley is greater, and by the preparation of clover, the wheat is more productive. Consider the change from a barren fallow to so profitable a husbandry, and the infinite value of improvements in agriculture must be acknowledged.

In all probability, continues he, we have been benefitted by these plants to the amount of five hundred millions sterling....Of what consequence then must it not be to spread as widely as possible, such productive articles of culture.

But if so much has been done in England by the improvements introduced into the practical parts of agriculture, may we not hope in this country to feel a portion of the same spirit, and emulate the enterprize and industry of our European brethren, and thus enjoy a share of the benefits which they have felt from the above articles.

We can already boast among our countrymen of the names of some scientific and practical farmers, whose writings have tended to inform the ignorant and stimulate the inactive...Need I mention the names of Bordley, Peters, and Livingston, in proof of my assertion?

The latter, in a short comparative view of the advantages of agriculture in Great Britain and in the state in which he resides, gives an undoubting preference to New-York. The soil of Great Britain, he observes, is less productive, except where great labour is bestowed on cultivation; and the climate in many respects, is less friendly to agriculture. If this be true, and he has founded his assertion upon a careful examination of the best English writers on the subject, what encouragement does it not afford to the American farmer to press forward in the praiseworthy work of agricultural improvement; for, as the writer above referred to thinks, that whenever our circumstances shall enable us to circulate our artificial improvements, that agriculture will be carried to a much higher pitch here than in Great Britain.

But to hasten this desirable period, our farmers, or at least some of them, must not only reflect and converse, but read and experiment on agricultural subjects. There are many ingenious and useful papers in agriculture published from time to time, which have not that circulation which they deserve, and that is necessary to benefit our country ....they are confined very much to the libraries of large towns, or the houses of the rich and the curious. The dwelling of the honest and laborious farmer they seldom reach.

It shall be my endeavour to make the contents of these works more generally known, particularly their practical and useful parts, by sending you occasionally such extracts from, and remarks on them, as may be readily perused and comprehended, even by those who may not be versed in scientific pursuits.

But thinking it most prudent on my first introduction to my readers to make them but a short visit, lest I might be considered as a tiresome intruder, I shall bid them farewel at present, with a quotation from one of Chancellor Livingston's productions. "When the hero, the patriot, the statesman, Washington, did not disdain to guide, who can refuse to venerate the plough."

RURICOLA.

REVEIW.

The Life and Posthumous Writings of William Cowper, Esq. with an Introductory Letter to the Right Honourable Earl Cowper.....By William Hayley, Esq.

Boston....Manning and Loring,and E. Lincoln....8vo.

ONE of the chief ornaments of the present age was William Cowper, the subject of this work. The strength and originality of his genius will bear a favourable comparison with any of his contemporaries. Indeed, we shall be in little danger of contradiction, in asserting that none of his contemporaries have written so much, or so well.

The moral tendency of his poetry ....the elevation of his motives in writing above every thing sordid or humiliating, place him in the noblest rank of those who have employed their lives in purifying the hearts, and delighting the imagination of mankind.

The life and private character of such a man must be regarded with the most ardent curiosity, and the world has waited for few works of this kind with a more lively impatience than has been excited by the present publication.

The hopes that we had formed respecting it, have not been altogether disappointed. The letters of Cowper, which compose so large a part of this work, are fully worthy of the writer, and afford the most distinct and familiar view of his character and sentiments. In the multitude of these, it is, perhaps, unreasonable to repine at the suppression of any of his letters, or to regret that Cowper does not every where appear, instead of Hayley.

The Biographer has performed his part in a manner which we little expected, from the elegance and spirit he displayed in the life of Milton. The similarity of genius between poet and poet, by no means qualifies one to be the biographer of the other. The sympathy of taste and pursuits, may enable the one to comprehend and relish the works; but, in no degree, fits him for analysing the motives and detailing the actions of his friend: but as, on this account, Hayley rose far above our expectations in his life of Milton, he has fallen even very much below them in his present performance. The style of this work is florid, without splendor....and puerile without simplicity: and forms the strongest contrast imaginable with the charming ease and elegant simplicity of Cowper's own letters.

The defects of this work, as a biographical performance, shew themselves in particulars more important than style. The writer seems to have been restrained by considerations, less excusable than ignorance, from entering fully into the early history of Cowper. Some fantastic and unseasonable delicacy has prevented him from dwelling on those incidents of the poet's youthful life, which probably determined his future destiny; and from which the reader might have drawn useful and important lessons in relation to his own character. From a notion, that regard for the poet's memory required silence on any topic which might reflect disgrace or disapprobation on his relations, the writer is profoundly silent on occasions where he ought to have been most communicative, and thirty years of the poet's life pass over in his narrative without any particulars with which a reasonable curiosity would be gratified, except the following from Cowper's own pen....

"I have been all my life," says Cowper, "subject to inflammations of the eye, and in my boyish days had specks on both that threatened to cover them. My father, alarmed at the consequences, sent me to a female oculist of great renown at

that time, in whose house I abode two years, but to no good purpose. From her I went to Westminster school, where, at the age of 14, the small-pox seized me, and proved the better oculist of the two, for it delivered me from them all; not however from great liableness to inflammation, to which I am in a degree still subject, though much less than formerly, since I have been constant in the use of a hot foot-bath every night, the last thing before going to rest."

Speaking of his own early life, in a letter to Mr. Park, (dated March, 1792) Cowper says, with that extreme modesty, which was one of his most remarkable characteristics ...."From the age of twenty to thirty-three, I was occupied, or ought to have been, in the study of the law; from thirty-three to sixty I have spent my time in the country, where my reading has only been an apology for idleness, and where, when I had not either a magazine or a review, I was sometimes a carpenter, at others, a bird-cage maker, or a gardener, or a drawer of landscapes. At fifty years of age, I commenced an author: it is a whim that has served me longest and best, and will probably be my last."

The blameable, or at least, illaudable timidities of Cowper, which adhered to him through life, are described as they appeared in childhood, in the following manner..... This is a good specimen of the judgment which the biographer has brought to his task....

"It appears a strange process in education, to send a *tender* child from a long residence in the house of a female oculist, immediately into all the hardships that a *little delicate boy* must have to encounter at a public school. But the mother of Cowper was dead, and fathers, though good men, are in general utterly unfit to manage their young and tender orphans. The little Cowper was sent to his first school in the year of his mother's death, and how ill-suited the scene was to his peculiar character, must be evident to all, who have heard him describe his sensations in that season of life, which is often, very erroneously, extolled as the happiest period of human existence. He has been frequently heard to lament the *persecution*, that he sustained in his childish years, from the *cruelty* of his school fellows, in the two scenes of his education. His own forcible expression represented him at Westminster *as not daring to raise his eye* above the shoe-buckle of the elder-boys, who were too apt to tyrannise over his *gentle* spirit. The acuteness of his feelings in his childhood rendered those important years, (which might have produced, under tender cultivation, a series of lively enjoyments) miserable years of increasing timidity and depression, which, in the most cheerful hours of his advanced life, he could hardly describe to an intimate friend without shuddering at the recollection of his early wretchedness. *Yet to this perhaps the world is indebted for the pathetic and moral eloquence of those forcible admonitions to parents, which give interest and beauty to his admirable poem on public schools.* Poets may be said to realize, in some measure, the poetical idea of the nightingale's singing with a thorn at her breast, as their most exquisite songs have often originated in the acuteness of their personal sufferings. Of this obvious truth, the poem I have just mentioned, is a very memorable example; and if any readers have thought the poet too severe in his strictures on that system of education, to which we owe some of the most accomplished characters that ever gave celebrity to a civilized nation, such readers will be candidly reconciled to that moral severity of reproof, in recollecting that it flowed from severe personal experience, united to the purest spirit of philanthropy and patriotism."

Who that reads the following lines but must regret the total silence of

the biographer on certain incidents of Cowper's life.

Still, still, I mourn with each returning day,
Him snatch'd by fate, in early youth, away.
And her....through tedious years of doubt and pain,
Fix'd in her choice, and faithful. ..but in vain!
O prone to pity, generous, and sincere,
Whose eye ne'er yet refus'd the wretch a tear;
Whose heart the real claim of friendship knows,
Nor thinks a lover's are but fancied woes;
See me, ere yet my destin'd course half done,
Cast forth a wand'rer on a wild, unknown!
See me neglected on the world's rude coast,
Each dear companion of my voyage lost!
Nor ask why clouds of sorrow shade my brow!
And ready tears wait only leave to flow!
Why all, that sooths a heart, from anguish free,
All that delights the happy....palls with me!

The following most extraordinary instance of timidity, will suggest to our readers, many reflections on the frowardness and frailties of the human constitution.

"Though extreme diffidence, and a tendency to despond, seemed early to preclude Cowper from the expectations of climbing to the splendid summit of the profession, he had chosen; yet, by the interest of his family, he had prospects of emolument, in a line of public life, that appeared better suited to the modesty of his nature, and to his moderate ambition.

In his thirty-first year, he was nominated to the offices of reading clerk, and clerk of the private committees in the house of lords. A situation the more desirable, as such an establishment might enable him to *marry early in life;* a measure to which he was doubly disposed by judgment and inclination. But the peculiarities of his *wonderful mind* rendered him unable to support the ordinary duties of his new office! for the idea of reading in public proved a source of torture to his *tender and apprehensive spirit.* An expedient was devised to promote his interest, without wounding his feelings. Resigning his situation of reading clerk, he was appointed clerk of the journals in the same house of parliament, with a hope, that his personal appearance, in that assembly, might not be required; but a parliamentary dispute made it necessary for him to appear at the bar of the house of lords, to entitle himself publicly to the office.

"Speaking of this important incident, * *in a sketch, which he once formed himself, of passages in his early life*, he expresses what he endured at the time in these remarkable words: "They, whose spirits are formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of themselves is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horrors of my situation.... others can have none."

"His terrors on this occasion arose to such an astonishing height, that they utterly overwhelmed his reason: for although he had endeavoured to prepare himself for his public duty, by attending closely at the office, for several months, to examine the parliamentary journals, his application was rendered useless by that excess of diffidence, which made him conceive that, whatever knowledge he might previously acquire, it would all forsake him at the bar of the house. This distressing apprehension increased to such a degree, as the time for his appearance approached, that when the day, so anxiously dreaded, arrived, he was unable to make the experiment. The very friends, who called on him for the purpose of attending him to the house of

* Why was not this sketch published?

lords, acquisced in the cruel necessity of his relinquishing the prospect of a station so severely formidable to a frame of such *singular sensibility*.

"The conflict between the wishes of just affectionate ambition, and the terrors of diffidence, so entirely overwhelmed his health and faculties, that after two learned and benevolent divines, had vainly endeavoured to establish a lasting tranquillity in his mind, by friendly and religious conversation, it was found necessary to remove him to St. Alban's, where he resided a considerable time, under the care of doctor Cotton.

"The misfortune of mental derangement is a topic of such awful delicacy, that I consider it as the duty of a biographer, rather to sink in *tender* silence, than to proclaim, with circumstantial and offensive temerity, the minute particulars of a calamity, to which all human beings are exposed, and *perhaps in proportion as they have received from nature those delightful, but dangerous gifts, a heart of exquisite tenderness, and a mind of creative energy.*"

POETRY.....ORIGINAL.

INVOCATION TO THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

Hail, spirit of poetic phrenzy....
Hover, with thy plumes of ether,
O'r the cavern, or the torrent,
Where their social arms entwining,
  Oaks and cedars hide the ground:
Where estranged from human converse,
Kindred, friends, and home forgotten,
Lonely, and to thought devoted,
Lost in trance of meditation,
  Oft thy museful son is found.

Hover where the ghosts of pilgrims
Nightly, from their iron slumber
Waking, leave the dark recesses,
  Where their mouldering relics sleep:
Time sepultered, or the emblem,
Or the artless tale of sorrow
Graven on the tomb of hermit,
  Teaches vanity to weep.

Thee he strongly importuning,
While from light and noise secluded,
Wrapp'd in joyless pall of midnight,
O'er the starry regions roaming,
  Tracing in each radiant sphere.
Thy ærial footsteps, music
Potent as the breath of angels,
Such as fervours of devotion,
Teach extatic souls to utter....
  Nightly shall salute thy ear.

Lift or rend the veil asunder,
From audacious eyes concealing
All the grace and grandeur decking
Glory's cloudless shrine, and altars
  Dedicate to endless fame:
Where divinity is present,
Seen, and felt, and known, and worshipped....
Where eternal splendors beaming
O'er the earth forgetting bosom,
  Kindle a diviner flame.

Bear me from the haunt of sorrow
And the dark abode of mortals,
To a brighter region, where grief
Or disquiet never enters.
  Nor malignant demon strays:
Where to fancy's will propitious,
Earth, and air, and water hasten
Into magic forms and nature
Fetterless, at length, and free, each
Wafture of her wand obeys.

O'er thy starry mantle, waving
Round my steps, with hues unnumbered,
Wisdom throws serener lustre,
Such as shrouds Jove's throne and altar,
  Viewless to seraphic sight;
But to frailer nature's gracious,
Bend a less effulgent aspect;
Be with meeker rays, thy temples
Wreathed, and mist involve those eyes, that
  Shed insufferable light.

Vestured with thy native brightness,
Eyes of earth could ne'er behold thee;
None beneath the moon, thy features
Yet have viewed of veil divested
None that drink the solar ray:
Who has held the pencil fitted
To illume the pictured canvas
Where thou visibly art present?
Who, in blazing hues, thy image
E'er attempted to pourtray?

SELECTED.

THE WINTER TRAVELLER.

[The following little tale is extracted from the fourth edition of "Walks in a Forest," a poem by Thomas Gisborn, A. M. one of the most moral of the present English writers....one whose works deserve the highest commendation.]

Mark on that road, whose unobstructed course
With long white line the unbusied furze divides,
Yon solitary horseman urge his way.
He, not unmindful of the brooding storm,
Ere yet by strong necessity compell'd
Of pressing occupation, he exchanged
The blazing hearth, the firm-compacted roof,
For naked forests, and uncertain skies,
With wise precaution, armed himself to meet
The winter's utmost rage. In silken folds
Twice round his neck the handkerchief he twined.
His legs he cased in boots of mighty size,
And strength experienced oft; warm'd through and through
In chimny-corner; and with glossy face
Prepared descending torrents to repel,
As roll the round drops from the silvery leaf
Of rain-besprinkled colewort, or the plumes
Of seagull sporting in the broken wave.
Then o'er his limbs the stout great-coat he drew,
With collar raised aloft, and threefold cape
Sweep below sweep in wide concentric curves
Low down his back dependent; on his breast
The folds he cross'd, and in its destin'd hole
Each straining button fix'd: erect he stood,
Like huge portmanteau on its end uprear'd.
Fearless he sallied forth; nor yet disdain'd
The heartening draught from tankard capp'd with foam,
By host officious to the horseblock borne
With steady hand, and eloquently praised;
While lingering on the step his eye he turn'd
To every wind, and mark'd the embattled clouds
Ranging their squadrons in the sullen East.
How fares he now? Caught on the middle waste,
Where no deep wood its hospitable gloom
Extends; no friendly thicket bids him cower
Beneath its tangled roof; no lonely tree
Prompts him to seek its leeward side, and cleave,
Erect and into narrowest space comprest,
To the bare trunk, if haply it may ward
The driving tempest: with bewilder'd haste
Onward he comes. "Hither direct thy speed;
"This sheltering grove"....He hears not! Mark his head
Oblique, presented to the storm; his hand
Envelop'd deep beneath the inverted cuff,
Strives to confine, with many a fruitless grasp,
His ever flapping hat; the cold drench'd glove
Clings round the imprison'd fingers. O'er his knees
His coat's broad skirt, scanty now proved too late,
He pulls and pulls impatient, muttering wrath
At pilfering tailors. Baffled and perplex'd,

With joints benumb'd and aching, scarce he holds
The rein, scarce guides the steed with breathless toil
O'erpower'd, and shrinking sideways from the blast.
Behold that steed, with icy mane, and head
Depress'd, and quivering ears now forward bent,
Now backward swiftly thrown, and offering still
Their convex penthouse to the shifting gale;
Behold that steed, on indurated balls
Of snow upraised, like schoolboy rear'd on stilts,
Labour unbalanced: the fallacious prop,
Now this, now that, breaks short: with sudden jerk
He sinks, half falling; and recovering quick,
On legs of length unequal reels along.
Scarce on his seat can clinging knees sustain
The trembling rider: while the snow upheaves
In drifts athwart his course projected broad;
Or o'er the uncover'd gravel rattling sweeps,
Caught up in sudden eddies, and aloft,
Like smoke, in suffocating volumes whirl'd.
The road he quits unwary, wandering wide
O'er the bleak waste, mid brushwood wrapped in snow,
Down rough declivities and fractured banks,
Through miry plashes, cavities unseen,
And bogs of treacherous surface; till afar
From all that meets his recollection borne,
Dismay'd by hazards scarce escaped, and dread
Of heavier perils imminent, he stands
Dismounted, and aghast. Now evening draws
Her gathering shades around; the tempest fierce
Drives fiercer. Chill'd within him sinks his heart,
Panting with quick vibrations. The wild blast
Appall'd he hears, thinks on his wife and babes,
And doubts if ever he shall see them more.
But comfort is at hand; the skies have spent
In that last gust their fury. From the west
The setting sun with horizontal gleam
Cleaves the dense clouds; and through the golden breach
Strikes the scathed oak, whose branches peel'd and bare
'Gainst the retiring darkness of the storm
With fiery lustre glow. The traveller views
The well known landmark, lifts to heaven his eyes
Swimming with gratitude, the friendly track
Regains, and speeds exulting on his way.

SELECTIONS.

ACCOUNT OF THE RE-APPEARANCE OF SICARD, TEACHER OF THE DEAF AND DUMB IN PARIS.

TWENTY-EIGHT months had the man, whom the Abbe de l'Epee chose for his immediate successor, the celebrated and modest Sicard, been the object of a proscription in which he was undeservedly included.

Concealed in the house of a trusty friend, who for two years risked his own life to save a head of such value, Sicard undertook the task to bestrew with flowers the first studies of children, to facilitate their progress, and to render the performance of their duty easier to the fathers of families. In a narrow cell, by the light of a lamp, whose faint glimmer seemed loth to discover the venera-

ble traits of the estimable recluse, and to betray his place of refuge, he wrote his *Universal Grammar*; thus revenging himself of the injustice of men, only by heaping new benefits upon them.

In the meantime the deaf and dumb of every age and sex lamented the absence of their teacher: sometimes they looked up to the windows of his apartment, and their eyes were bedewed with tears: or they would regard with fixed attention the arm-chair, where Sicard had been wont almost daily to expand their souls, and render them susceptible of the impressions of nature; and of the significant and various gestures that at other times animated their countenances, the expressions of dejection and sorrow alone remained.

One of them in particular, Jean Massieu, the fifth of the same family who enjoyed the instructions of the venerable Sicard, was so affected by the loss of his teacher, that, to pacify him, they were obliged to make him acquainted with his place of refuge. This young man, whose understanding and talents all Paris admires, and who, notwithstanding his weak state of health, had been promoted to the place of *repeteur* in the school, with a salary of 1200 francs, repeatedly offered to share his small income with Sicard: "My father (said he by means of rapid signs) has nothing: I must provide him with food and clothing, and save him from the cruel fate that oppresses him." He accordingly took the necessary steps with prudence, engaged some of his friends to assist him in putting his generous project into execution, and kept himself in readiness to lay hold of the first favourable opportunity.... At length the ardently wished-for moment arrived. A dramatic poet, whom the enthusiasm of his heart rendered courageous (Bouilly) formed the resolution to interest the public in favour of the successor of the Abbe de l'Epee by producing on the stage a memorable scene from the life of that celebrated founder of the institution for instructing the deaf and dumb. The undertaking was dangerous, but the motive irresistible. The audience shed tears to the memory of the Abbe de l'Epee; and whilst his sainted name was repeated, the unfortunate Sicard's likewise resounded. O that from his asylum he could have heard these affecting exclamations of a numerous and respectable assembly, this consoling burst of enthusiasm from a people, which paid homage to virtue, and pleaded the cause of innocence. "Sicard," they exclaimed from every side; "Restore to us Sicard!"

From the emotion that animated every countenance, from the applause that was clapped from every hand, and especially from the indescribable transports of the author (Bouilly), it was easy for Massieu, notwithstanding his deafness and dumbness, to form an idea of the interest which the audience expressed in favour of his preceptor: and he so well contrived matters, that a few days after, he and Bouilly met together at the house of a legislator, who is a friend of men of merit, and of the unfortunate, and where a brother of the chief consul of the French republic happened to be on a visit. Having here, by the affecting answers which he gave to the questions put to him, softened the hearts of a great number of persons to a participation of his feelings; he gave to the brother of the consul a letter which he had written in his presence, and which concluded with the following remarkable words: "Promise, O promise me! that you will speak for us to the chief consul: they say he loves those men who labour for the happiness of others; surely then he must love Sicard, whose sole happiness it is to render the poor deaf and dumb happy!"

This touching language of nature excited the admiration of all present and produced the most lively emotion. Massieu observed this: immediately he flung one arm round the neck of Joseph Bonaparte and the other round Bouilly; and all three

melted into tears. Joseph Bonaparte, who was most affected, pressed the amiable pupil of Sicard to his heart, and requested his worthy friend to signify to him, that he would on the same evening present his letter to the consul, and that he would venture to promise him that it would have the wished for effect.

Massieu's hopes were not disappointed: the consul ordered Sicard's name to be erased from the list of the proscribed; and soon after he was restored to the right of again giving instructions to his pupils.

The 14th of February, 1800, was the day on which this good father appeared again in the midst of his children.

It was about eleven in the morning; already was the hall appropriated for the public exercises of the deaf and dumb, filled with celebrated men; among whom, those in particular were observed who dedicate their talents and labours to the instruction of youth, and to the promotion of the happiness of the human race. In the midst of the hall stood the deaf and dumb pupils of both sexes and different ages: the vivacity of their looks, and the rapidity of their signs, by which they mutually communicated their sentiments, indicated that this day was the happiest of their life.

The friends of the venerable proscript, among whom was likewise the excellent man who had sheltered him from the storm of party-rage, enter the hall in crowds; and a number of beautiful ladies embellished the company by the lustre of their charms.

At once a penetrating cry of joy escapes Massieu: every one rises up; a respectful silence reigns throughout the whole assembly;.... Sicard appears....Massieu is already in his arms, his mouth is joined to the mouth of Sicard; his whole soul seems to be transfused into the soul of his preceptor; he takes him by the hand, and conducts him to his chair. Immediately the male pupils rush towards him: the more adult among them surround their adored master, press him to their hearts, and hold him in their arms; the little ones kiss his hands, cling to his garment, and climb up to his breast and his head: he is covered with the most tender kisses, caressed with the most affecting signs, with the tears of the adults and of the children.

Sicard endeavours to speak, but his emotion deprives him of the power of utterance. He wishes to communicate to each of his pupils what passes in his heart, but all at once fix their eyes upon him, embrace him, caress him;....to extend over them his beneficent hands, to tell by signs that he loves them all with the same paternal affection, that he receives them all into his bosom, is all he has power to do, all that the blissful intoxication of his soul inspires him with.

As however nothing escapes his penetrating glance, he now observed that his female pupils, restrained by the bashfulness peculiar to their sex, venture not wholly to give way to the emotion which eradicates from their eye, and glows in every feature of their expressive countenances; affected by this struggle of modesty and sentiment, he goes towards them, stops for a moment, then stretches out his arms, and receives their caresses with a tone that seems to say "Should a father blush to embrace his children?"

Whilst these bashful maidens are expressing to their teacher the joy which his return occasions them, the boys who have made the greatest progress approach the table, and delineate with letters of fire, and the rapidity of lightning, the emotions which animate them. One of them thanks the consul and his brother for having restored to them the man from whom they received their moral existence: another describes the anxiety and melancholy with which they were overwhelmed during the absence of their beloved preceptor: a third writes down the sentence, "That virtue and truth sooner or later will triumph over the artifices of the wicked." At last,

Massieu himself appears at the table, and while he presents to the eyes of the admiring spectators the profoundest truths of the physical and moral sciences, a blooming maiden places on the head of Sicard a wreath of poppies and heliotropes, emblems of the sadness of his pupils during his absence, and of the immortality with which his genius, his patience, his beneficent labours, will be crowned.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF AN AMERICAN IN FRANCE.

(Continued from page 230)

THE city of Tours, the capital of the *ci-devant* province of Touraine, lies on the south side of the the river Loire, which is the largest river in France, and navigable for several hundred miles.

There is here a magnificent stone bridge over the Loire, of which one of the arches was purposely destroyed during the Vendee war, to prevent the rebels from crossing the river, and marching towards Paris. Tours is entirely built of hewn stone, and its main street is one of the finest in Europe. It is called, in compliment to the army, *Rue de l'Armee d'Italie*. In this street there are but few shops; the houses are mostly private ones, belonging to the proprietors of estates in the neighbouring districts, and to merchants who trade extensively between Nantes and the districts of the Upper Loire. At Tours, travellers from the south must have their passports *vise*, or examined and counter-signed, before they cross the Loire for Paris. In the neighbourhood of this city is a fine palace, that formerly belonged to the archbishop of Tours, the gardens of which are made one of the many fine public walks belonging to this town. At the other side of the river, close to the bridge, there is a village, at least half a mile in length, constructed in the same manner as that which I described on the Garonne. At the foot of the hills, on the north side of the Loire, is a regular range of soft rock, of about two miles in length.

It is from this quarry *above ground*, that the city of Tours itself is built. In these rocks, which they have excavated, the villagers have very comfortable habitations, and a neat town.

The shell and roof of these houses, hollowed from the rock, may last as long as the world itself, and bid defiance to the storms, or the winter's rains. Some of those houses are so covered with vines, that one would not easily know what materials they were made of. The country in the neighbourhood of Tours, for riches and beauty, exceeds all power of description. Touraine has been always deemed the Garden of France; and I believe it may be called with truth the Garden of Europe. Here every varied beauty that cultivation can draw from the richest soil, and happiest climate, is to be found in the utmost luxuriance, while an immense population animates the scene, and gives it an interest, which a mere landscape cannot convey; neither can one or two great demesnes, however dressed in solitary grandeur. The verdure of the English pastures, nor the cattle and the flocks that are to be seen feeding upon them, by no means present a scene so interesting to the heart as these delightful valleys, through which the Loire winds its majestic course: they are covered with the richest productions of nature in European climates; the air breaths fragrance, the climate and the rural beauties of the prospect dispose the mind to tranquillity and harmony, while the never-ceasing sounds of mirth and gaiety proclaim the happiness of their numerous inhabitants. The high road from Tours to Blois keeps close to the river-side the whole of the way, and cannot be surpassed,

or I believe equalled, in Europe for richness of prospect and scenery. I think that every traveller, who wishes to have a complete idea of France, and happens to be in Paris in the summer season, should visit this country, which has long been called the garden of France. A week's excursion from Paris would be sufficient for the purpose; and it surely would be a week well employed. Blois is a large but irregular town, and is neither well-built, nor handsome. As it has long enjoyed the reputation of being the town where the French language is spoken with the greatest purity, I must therefore suppose that many persons of fashion and high education live at Blois, although it cannot be compared with Tours for beauty or attractions. In the centre of the town of Blois there is a very fine palace, which formerly belonged to the bishop; but was, in the time of assignats, sold for a mere trifle to a negotiant. The town of Blois gained but very little by this transfer of property; for, in the bishop's time, the gardens were thrown open to the public for a walk; but the negotiant's first act of ownership was to shut them up, and exclude the public from the liberty of walking there.

From Blois to Orleans, which is also upon the Loire, the road follows the direction of the river, but in a straighter course. The country is, the whole of the way, rich and beautiful.

Orleans is a large city, possessing a considerable share both of manufactures and commerce.

There are a great number of passage and trading vessels belonging to Orleans, which go regularly to Nantes, which lies at the mouth of the Loire, nearly two hundred miles from Orleans.

There is also a canal near Orleans, by which the Loire is connected with the Seine, and Orleans communicates with Paris. This town is large, and rich enough to support its theatre, and a tolerably good set of actors, for the greatest part of the year. I mentioned to you in my last, that of all my fellow-travellers from Bourdeaux to Paris, I should only describe one. Common characters, such as are to be seen every day, in every country, are hardly worth describing; but, when a character is met with, whose interest and whose history is derived from the prejudices of the country through which one travels, from the barbarous pride of an order which no longer exists in France; the description of such a character will give something of historical information respecting the manners of the times that are past. About twelve leagues on the south side of Tours, a lady of about twenty-five years of age entered the carriage, with her attendant. She was tall, and well-formed, her features were regular, her eyes large, but vacant. Reason had long quitted its seat; and her soul, having lost its object, had forgotton to animate her countenance, or sparkle in her eyes. Its pulses had almost ceased to beat. Scarcely had she taken her seat, when her talkative attendant informed us....Elle est folle, She is out of her reason. On inquiring into her story, she told me, that Mademoiselle etoit de la plus haute noblesse; that is, blonged to the highest rank of nobility; that she dared not tell her name; but that her story was, that in her youth she had fallen in love with a neighbouring bourgeois, who was young, rich, and handsome, and equally in love with her; but, that as it was impossible for her parents de la plus haute noblesse to consent that their daughter should marry a bourgeois, whatever qualifications he might have, the consequence was, that the young lady grew deranged, had been seven years in the condition I then saw her, and no hopes were entertained of her recovery. Such was the melancholy effects I have witnessed with my own eyes, of the distinctions that once subsisted between la plus haute noblesse, and la bourgeoisie....Who is it that would wish to revive such distinctions?

From Orleans to Paris, the road is paved, and, I am told, that to the north of Paris all the high roads are paves. On this road, particularly as one approaches Paris, one meets with many magnificent houses, demesnes, and parks (the country-seats of the great nobles, who usually resided at Versailles or Paris). The villa that once belonged to the celebrated Madam de Pompadour, mistress to Louis XV, is very grand, but the most magnificent country-seat on the road belongs to monsieur, formerly marquis, D'Argenson, son to a farmer-general, who built this place during his administration. This place may compare with the duke of Bedford's seat at Woburn for grandeur and magnificence. The park, which is in the highest state of cultivation, contains between three and four thousand acres, surrounded with a stone-wall, eight feet high, and of the neatest masonry. The money expended on this wall alone would purchase a considerable estate. The mansion-house, and the village, which may be considered as an appurtenance to it, are, in every respect, suitable to the grandeur of the park. I was much surprised that a marquis, a son of a farmer-general and minister of finance, should be permitted to retain this fine property, acquired probably out of the revenues of the nation. On inquiring the caues of it, I was informed, that at least nine-tenths of the nobility of France would have preserved their property as well as monsieur D'Argenson, if they had not chosen to emigrate, and abandon their estates, in hopes of recovering them again, with the titles and privileges that the revolution had abolished. Most of them chose to stake their fortunes on this chance, and they lost them; as to those who quitted the country in the reigh of terror, they are not considered as emigrants, and very little of their property has been sold. As to this monsieur D'Argerson, he constantly resided at his country-seat, and all the harm he suffered during the revolution was, that, in the times of the Sans culottini, some of his neighbours broke down part of his park-wall, and turned their cattle into it; but, when the levelling spirit had spent its rage, and government was a little better established, he repaired his wall, and has enjoyed his fine demesne very peaceably ever since.

It therefore appears to me, that all the compassion due to the French emigrants, as a body, is what misfortune may claim, even when the effect of imprudence. If, without any necessity, they chose to stake their fortunes on a most hazardous speculation, they must, in some degree, blame themselves for the consequences. Those who have purchased the estates of emigrants usually allow an annuity out of them for the support of the original possessor. This custom the general opinion of the neighbourhood, and the advice of the priests, makes almost universal. The country in the neighbourhood of Paris exhibits considerable variety; it is somewhat hilly, where, as France is in general a very flat country: its villages also are, as might be expected, much neater than they are at a distance from Paris, and the country-seats more frequent.

ON THE USE OF THE WORDS "SHALL" AND "WILL."

It is commonly acknowledged, that foreigners find a difficulty in the use of the English words "shall" and will," and that many amongst our own countrymen, (particularly the Scotch and Irish) often substitute improperly the one for the other. Yet I meet with no rule anywhere laid down on the subject; and I have frequently heard it asserted, that there is none; that the knowledge of the right use of the words cannot be attained by foreigners, but by a familiar acquaintance with the language in its purest style; and that provincials can only by observation free them-

selves from the habit of speech naturally acquired where the ear is accustomed to the misuse of the words. Thus we pretend ourselves to decide arbitrarily, this is right, and that is wrong, without any rule, as if we could discriminate by intuition; and we expect those, with whose phraseology we are offended, to adopt by observation that for which there is no standard.

On referring to Dr. Johnson, I find he gives no rule: he confesses the difficulty, and does, in my opinion, very little towards removing it.

In his dictionary, under the word "shall," he says:

"SHALL, v. defective [pceal, Sax. is originally *I owe*, or *I ought*.

In Chaucer, "*the faithe I shall* to God," means the faith I owe to God; thence it became a sign of the future tense. The French use *devoir, dois, doit*, in the same manner, with a kind of future signification; and the Swedes have *skall*, and the Icelanders *skal*, in the same sense. It has no tenses but *shall*, future; and *should*, imperfect.]

The explanation of *shall*, which foreigners and provincials confound with *will*, is not easy; and the difficulty is increased by the poets, who sometimes give to *shall* an emphatical sense of *will*; but I shall endeavour (*crassa Minerva*) to shew the meaning of *shall* in the future tense.

1. *I shall love.* It will so happen that I must love; I am resolved to love.
2. *Shall I love?* Will it be permitted me to love? Will you permit me to love? Will it happen that I must love?
3. *Thou shalt love?* I command thee to love. It is permitted thee to love: (in poetry or solemn diction) it will happen that thou must love.
4. *Shalt thou love?* Will it happen that thou must love? Will it be permitted to thee to love.
5. *He shall love.* It will happen that he must love; it is commanded him that he love.

It is a mind, that *shall* remain a prison where it is.

——————Shall remain?

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall?* *Shakspeare.*

See Romulus the Great:
This prince a priestess of your blood *shall* bear,
And, like his sire, in arms he shall appear.

Dryden's Æn.

That he *shall* receive no benefit from Christ, is the affirmation whereon all his despair is founded; and the one way of removing this dismal apprehension, is to convince him that Christ's death, and the benefits thereof, either do, or if he perform the condition required of him, *shall* certainly belong to him....*Hamond's Fundamentals.*

6. *Shall he love?* It is permitted him to love? In solemn language, will it happen that he must love?" Thus far Dr. Johnson.

Now I contend that, if there is a right and a wrong, there must be a rule. Perhaps it may be said that I am fighting against the air, that the matter is obvious, and known to every one. I can only answer, if the rule is any where given, I shall be glad to have it pointed out to me; if not I think it is wanting; and, till some one shall lay down a better, I shall venture to retain that which is here proposed to your readers.

In the first place then, I observe, that in English we have no simple future, but express it by auxiliary with the principl verb.

Now the auxiliaries have also an appropriate signification themselves as simple verbs...." Will" implying intention or volition, or rather further a determination or resolution of the *actor*; "shall" implying a determination on the part of the *speaker*. Ex. "He says he *will* not, but he *shall*." Here the actor is compelled.

It may be softened into a *permission*, as "he shall if he will;"...."he shall have my *permission*;"

still this implies intention of the speaker relative to something in his power, and it is not a mere future.

Now, as our language is so constructed, that, while we want only to express a mere future, we are obliged to use one of these words, so that we cannot get rid of an implied determination either of the speaker or of the actor, the contrivance seems to be to throw it off from the *speaker;* and, with respect to the *actor*, a degree of ambiguity is left, which an interpretation, arising out of the general connection, and probable intention, of the sentence, removes in a degree sufficient for general use.

In speaking in the first person, the *speaker* is the nominative to the verb; the actor and the speaker are one and the same. In this case, "*will*" implies the determination of the speaker, because he is also the actor. In the second and third person, the person or thing *spoken of* is the nominative case to the verb; the actor and speaker are not the same; therefore the word "will" does not involve the intention of the speaker.

This therefore I propose as the rule, viz. that, when we intend a mere future, the word "*shall*" is used in the first person, and "will" in the second and third; and the cause of the rule I take to be, the speaker's desire to avoid expressing his own intention.

For these reasons, when speaking in the first person, we say "I *shall* forget," in which no actual will or determination of the speaker is implied; for the actor and the speaker being the same person (since the meaning cannot be "I will compel myself") the compulsory signification of the word "shall" cannot be intended, and it is a mere future.

In the third person, we cannot say "he *shall* forget," on account of the compulsory signification of the word "shall; and we say "he *will* forget."

In neither of these cases do we find any ambiguity; for *to forget* is not a subject either of will or compulsion.

In verbs denoting any act the subject of will or compulsion, the ambiguity relative to the will of the *actor* is left, when the speaker either cannot express, or chooses to avoid expressing, his own will; as "the sun *will* not shine to day;" "my servant *will* not be in town tomorrow." These are mere futures; but by possibility might be construed to express a determination of the sun or the servant, to which ambiguity we submit, as to a defect in the language.

In the like cases, but in the first person, we should say, "I *shall* be distressed with this burning sun;" in which it is out of the speaker's power to express his will; or, "I *shall* not be in town to day," when he chooses to avoid expressing his will; and these also are mere futures.

We cannot exchange these words, and say, in the first case, "the sun *shall* not shine," or "I *will* not be distressed;" for then instead of a future the words express the will and determination of the speaker in matters out of his controul: nor, in the second case, can we say, "my servant *shall* not be in town," or "I *will* not be in town;" for then the words express the will of the speaker, where he means merely to speak in the future tense, without declaring his own determination on the subject.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LOUIS OF BOURBON, PRINCE OF CONDE.

Louis Bourbon, prince of Conde, was born on the 8th of September, 1721. His studies were directed by the Jesuits. His military ardour broke forth early in life, and superseded every other object. At the age of eighteen he served as a volunteer at the celebrated siege of Arras, where he gave the first signal proofs of that courage for which he was afterwards so eminently distinguished. In 1640 he married

the niece of the cardinal Richelieu. This marriage, which administered to the ambition of the aspiring prelate, did not contribute to the happiness of the young devoted bridegroom.

Being in 1643 appointed commander in chief, he ascended with gigantic steps, (through a succession of victories) the summit of renown. His great merit, however, did not shield him from the suspicious nature of Mazarin; for soon after he had subdued the Parisian insurgents, his own destruction was the object of the subtle Italian, who procured an order (under various pretences) for the imprisonment of the prince of Conde, of his brother the prince of Conti, and of his brother-in-law the duke of Longueville.

The prince of Conde endured this indignity with that calm fortitude which he so eminently possessed upon every trial. His brother unequal to this sudden reverse of fortune, sunk under it; and having desired to be provided with a religious book, entitled, The Imitation of Christ, the prince is reported to have archly said, "I beg I may be provided with the Imitation of Beaufort, that I may learn the manner of his escaping from his confinement two years ago." The illustrious prisoner frequently amused himself with working in the garden of the castle; a circumstance which called from the pen of mademoiselle de Scudery these lines, the best perhaps she ever wrote:

En voyant ces œillets qu'un illustre guerrier
Arrosa d'une main qui gagna les batailles,
Souviens-toi qu'Apollon batissoit des murailles
Et ne t'etonne pas que Mars soit jardinier.

At the expiration of thirteen months he was set at liberty, in consequence of the repeated and pressing solicitations of the parliament. It was during this confinement, that, taking counsel from revenge, he formed those resolutions, and meditated upon that scheme, which proved so fatal to his country. It is to be presumed that such were the workings of his mind (at that time), from what he was often heard to say, "that he went into prison the most innocent of men, and came out the most guilty." The first indication he discovered of his adverse intention towards the government was when he assisted at the meeting of the parliament, where Broussel, a turbulent man, proposed several things that had a tendency to faction: at the conclusion of Brossel's speech, a confused murmer of approbation was heard, upon which the prince of Conde exclaimed *Voila un bel echo!* Not long after he threw off the mask, and we find him in Guienne at the head of the insurgents, where not meeting with that success his ardent presumption had led him to expect, he entered the Spanish service, and at length terminated his rebellious career (as the cardinal of Rets observes) at the goal of loyalty. Having obtained his pardon, he ever after manifested a warm and active attachment to his sovereign and his country. He died at Fontainbleau, in his sixty-fifth year, on the 11th of December, 1686.

The following discourse was delivered on the 10th of March, 1687, in the cathedral at Paris.

The splendid cenotaph erected on the occasion, displayed at once the magnificence of art, and the sumptuous invention of Perrault, and has been ever since the model for funeral decoration. It was supposed to have cost a hundred thousand livres.

Bourdaloue also pronounced the panegyric of the great Conde: but the unimpassioned didactic style of the celebrated Jesuit was ill adapted to encomiastic composition. The close, however, of his discourse is warm and animated. The incident of the prince's having requested, in his last moments, that his heart should be deposited in the church

belonging to the Jesuits, calls from the orator this fervid effusion of gratitude:

"Yes! we will be the faithful guardians of this sacred deposite: your request, O Prince, we will respectfully and affectionately perform. The heart of each individual of our order will be a living mausoleum, in which yours shall be inurned! The solemn engagement we now contract, will be held in veneration from one extremity of the earth to the other: in the old and in the new world will be found hearts glowing with gratitude for the obligations conferred upon our society by the illustrious prince of Conde!"

The Funeral Oration on Louis of Bourbon, Prince of Conde,

BY BOSSUET.

When I consider that the discourse I am entering upon is to celebrate that ever dear and resplendent name, Louis of Bourbon, prince of Conde, I am at once overpowered by the magnificence of the subject and its inutility: for where is that distant and obscure corner of the earth to which his renown is not become familiar? What I shall offer this day to your attention, I am conscious will not rise to the demands of your gratitude, nor fill the grasp of your expectation. Feeble orators as we are, we cannot diffuse any additional lustre over those rare and distinguished personages, whom nature hath selected and highly privileged. The wise man, therefore, says with his accustomed sagacity, "Let their own works praise them." The panegyrist, like a timid "inexperienced statuary, recoils from the laborious task of fashioning a colossal figure." A faithful unadorned narrative would best display the features of our hero's mind: history must perform that task, and move the admiration of posterity by a simple recital of his actions. We will in the meantime endeavour to comply with the request of a grateful public, and with the orders of an illustrious monarch. What a deep sense of obligation should we not entertain for a prince, who has not only flung a new splendor round the throne, and exalted the French name, but who does honour to the present age, and who ennobles even human nature!

The illustrious monarch to whom I lately alluded, hath summoned to this venerable temple the most distinguished and august personages of the kingdom, to pay their united homage to the memory of our departed hero; he hath also ordained that I should lend my feeble voice to this funeral exhibition, to these rites of sorrow. A reflection (more worthy of this hallowed place) now occupies my mind, which is, that God alone forms the soul of the conqueror. The Psalmist says, "Blessed is the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war." If valour is breathed into him by the Almighty Power, his other attributes are no less derived from the same inexhaustible source. We should learn to discriminate those gifts which the Omnipotent Hand disperses among the wicked, and those which are imparted to the virtuous. The great distinguished gift of God is a sense of religion: without this inestimable gift, what would have availed to the eminent personage whose loss we now deplore, all the amiable attributes of his heart, or all the sublime energies of his mind? Had not religion consecrated the rare qualities which adorned his character, the august personages now present would not have found amidst their sorrow any consoling reflection: the venerable prelate would perform, devoid of hope, his awful ministry, and I should look in vain for any basis on which I might erect the structure of his fame. Let then human glory vanish as a transient meteor! and let me at this altar boldly sacrifice the idol of ambition! I should wish to bring together in one collected view his superior qualities, his valour, his magnanimity, his amiableness, with all the requisites peculiar to genius, eagle-eyed sagacity, invention, sublimity. This

assemblage, this constellation of excellencies, would be nothing more than a bright phantom, were not those excellencies consecrated by religion.

God hath revealed to us, that he appoints the conquerors who are to subdue the world, and makes their conquests subservient to his designs. Was not the splendid designation of Cyrus made known two hundred years before his birth? Was not Alexander predicted in the most figurative manner, as coming from the west, "on the face of the whole earth, and not touching the ground;" like an Alpine deer, whose every movement is a bound; and whose rapid progress is not delayed by rugged acclivities, by rolling torrents, by gaping chasms, or by precipitous descents. The Persian monarch is already subdued. He ran unto him, says the prophet, in the fury of his power. He cast him down to the ground, and stamped upon him. Do we not behold in this metephoric representation the semblance of our hero, blended with that of Alexander? Heaven, no doubt, sent him forth endowed with every martial accomplishment, to save his country. It was at the age of twenty-two that the comprehensive mind of our warrior conceived a design of such magnitude, that the most experienced commanders recoiled at the proposal, but which victory sanctioned before the walls of Rocroy! The enemy brought into the field the hardy veteran bands of Walloons, Spaniards, and Italians, who till that hour, were unacquainted with defeat, and whom renown had proclaimed invincible. Among our troops an uncommon intrepidity diffused itself, kindled, as it were, at the sight of our heroic youth, on whose eloquent and presageful eye victory sat enthroned! The renowned Don Francisco de Mellos waited with undaunted brow for the approach of our army. Our heroic youth, inflamed with so vast an object, and impatient of celebrity, revealed at once the whole splendid energy of his mind. Yet then tranquillity, that faithful attendant on true greatness, possessed his soul: on the night preceding the important day, he is known to have resigned himself to rest with all the unruffled calmness of a sleeping infant. But now the eventful hour is come. Behold him hastening from rank to rank, diffusing his own ardour wherever he flies. Such was his activity, as if several Condes were in the field! Here was he seen forcing the right wing of the enemy, there supporting and encouraging our right that had given way: in one place spreading terror, in another reanimating defeat. The formidable Spanish infantry remained still unsubdued, which separating into several close-compacted battalions, stood like towers amidst the general ruin. Three times did our heroic youth, collecting his full force, rush on these intrepid combatants, and every time met with a repulse. The valiant Spaniard, the Count de Fuentes, displayed under the pressure of illness the most unconquerable mind: conveyed in a litter from danger to danger, he breathed defiance: but the efforts of this superior energy were doomed to prove ineffectual. In vain did the celebrated Bek, bursting from a wood, attempt with his daring cavalry, to surprise our exhausted troops: our young commander, with a preventive wisdom, a prophetic caution, placed a select body of his men in a position ready to resist this onset. The foremost ranks of the enemy, finding themselves enveloped, threw down their arms and implored our mercy; while our prince was hastening to receive their submission, the other part of the hostile army, not adverting to the surrender of the advanced battalions (or instigated by whatever motive) discharged on our men the whole thunder of their artillery, which so incensed, so infuriated our troops, that an unutterable carnage ensued, till our hero, exerting every effort to calm the maddening rage of his soldiers, added to the pride of conquest the more soothing satisfaction of forgiveness.

The valiant count de Fuentes now became the object of his humane anxiety, but he was found expiring amidst the thousands who were dying and bleeding round him!

On this tremendous field our virtuous youth with bended knee dedicated to the great disposer of events, the glory of the day. The security of Rocroy, the degraded menaces of a formidable enemy, the regency now standing on an immoveable basis, were the topics of this exulting day, to which was added the presentiment of the lustre that was to accompany a future reign, which presentiment was sanctioned as it were under the auspices of so glorious a commencement. Universal fame pronounced with admiration the name of our heroic youth! This military essay (as it might be denominated) which would have thrown an ample lustre round any other person, was to him only the preluding dawn of that meridian splendor which afterwards illumed the horizon! After this great achievement when he returned to his court, such was the delicacy, or rather the greatness of his mind, that, indocil to the voice of flattery, he received the applauses to which he was so entitled with a reluctant ear. Germany now demands his presence, to which place you must direct your attention; where you will behold the most formidable preparations; where the science of war (by multiplying her inventions, and by exerting her utmost efforts) is going to summon the abilities of our hero to the severest trial. The local scenery is present to my view! In the foreground rises a tremendous mountain ....on one side of which are seen hideous chasms, and precipitous descents....on the other, an impenetrable forest, standing on a marshy ground. To impede the march of our army, several forts are erected, and bodies of trees of immense form are thrown across the roads, augmenting at once the difficulty of progress, and terror of situation. Behind the forest the intrepid Merci stands intrenched with his Bavarian troops.....Merci, who never was known to make a retrogressive motion; whom the circumspective Turenne never detected in an irregular movement; in whose commendation Conde united with Turenne, and who frequently was heard to say that Merci never lost the fleeting occasion of a favourable moment, and that he entered into their plans with such a pervading wisdom, as would almost lead them to think he had assisted at their councils. In the space of 8 days four obstinate actions took place, in which were at once displayed the most impetuous attack, and the most determined resistance. Our troops had to struggle with the difficulties and perils attending their position, as well as with the valour of the enemy. Conde was for some time under the apprehension of being deserted: but, like another Maccabæus, his own arm did not desert him; and his adventurous spirit, irritated by so many obstacles, surmounted them all. He led the way on foot up the severe ascent, and having with a persevering fortitude, laboured to the summit of the mountain, his own ardour accomplished the rest. Merci foresaw his own defeat; the advanced part of his army is suddenly vanquished, and the veil of night secures the remainder. I must not omit to say, that a heavy incessant rain fell during this memorable action, so that our hero had not only to climb a steep and rugged mountain, not only to combat a most formidable enemy, but even to contend with the warring elements!

This victory lengthened out its effects to distant places: behold! Wormes, Spires, Mayence, Landau, throw open their gates. Astonished Europe saw our warrior at the early age of twenty-six obtain this immortal victory! The speed of execution allowed not sufficient time to the enemy to traverse his plans: this is the characteristic feature of a great commander. Swifter than eagles, bolder than lions, are the comprehensive allusions of David

to the two celebrated warriors whose death he so forcibly laments: out of this compound imagery equally rises the characteristic form of our illustrious countryman. He was present at every scene, foremost in every peril; and as he flew from place to place, it seemed as if he multiplied himself, such was his velocity! the more rapidly he plunged into the scene of action, the more he seemed protected by the shield of heaven.

It is now with extreme reluctance that I advert to that unfortunrte period of his life, when he was a state-prisoner. I will venture to repeat, even before that sacred altar, the words which I once heard him pronounce, which indicate the workings of a loyal heart. He observes to me, that he was perfectly innocent on the day he entered his prison, and exceedingly criminal on the day he was set at liberty. In the small compass of these few expressive words, are contained his self-reproaches, and the cause and extent of his error. But I will throw a veil over the exceptionable part of his conduct, and will only observe that where a crime in subsequent signal services is so illustriously lost, nothing should be recalled but the generous acknowledgment of the offender, and the clemency of the offended.

In his first campaigns he had but one life to offer to his sovereign and his state; now he leads his son into the field, and there illustrates by the energy of example, the precepts he had inculcated in the cabinet. I omit dwelling on the passage of the Rhine, that miracle of our sovereign, and the stupendous transaction of the age! in order to carry your attention to the young warrior in the battle of Senef, in which he saw his father fall, and beheld him struggling under his wounded horse, and covered with blood: he wades through every danger to his assistance; and while he is raising him from the ground, receives a wound! happy to have served at the same moment the cause of glory, and of filial piety! The prince of Conde, from that hour, entertained for his son an increased affection. But his affection was not confined within the pale of his family and relatives. It reached the circle of his friends, it reached the misfortunes of his distant acquaintance, it reached the whole human race. Far from my lips be the elogium of a conqueror devoid of humanity! When God first formed the heart of man, he placed benevolence there as the characteristic of the Divine nature. Benevolence then ought to be the most active principle of our heart; the charm of the most powerful attraction towards our neighbour. The splendor of birth, the accession of riches, far from depressing this active principle, will enable it the better to communicate itself; as a public fountain which the more it is elevated, the more easily can the stream be diffused. They to whose bosom benevolent communication is a stranger, are punished for their disdainful insensibility, being deprived of the gratification arising from mutual intercourse. Never was there a man whose compliant elegance of manners was better adapted to general society. Is this the conqueror who laid towns in ashes, and whose approach was announced by terror? Behold him mild, beneficent, cheerful, complacent, and yielding to every person: so the same river, which, rolling down some eminence, swells and enrages at every obstacle, approaches the precincts of a town with a calm and unequal flow, and then diffusing its course into various channels, communicates health and refreshment to every mansion.

Let us now advert to the genius peculiar to the military department. As the art of war, so fatal to the human race, demands the most comprehensive capacity, let us examine his claims to that superior excellence. We have already observed that he was renowned for his preventive wisdom; one of his maxims was, that we should fear an enemy at a distance, and rejoice

when he approaches: another maxim of his was, that an able general may be defeated; but he should never be taken by surprise. To this principle he perpetually directed his attention. At whatever hour, from whatever quarter, the enemy appeared, they found him upon his guard, as if he was expecting them. So an eagle sailing through the air, or stationed on a lofty rock, sends his excursive brilliant eye around, eager to behold and rush upon his prey. Though nature had endowed him with her best gifts, he still supplied and enriched his mind with study and reflection. He investigated Cæsar's military stations with a peculiar attention: I remember how accurately he pointed out to us one day, the spot on which, by the advantage only of situation, Cæsar compelled five Roman legions, commanded by two experienced generals, to lay down their arms, without striking a blow. He had formerly examined every river and mountain which had co-operated to the completion of so great a plan. Never did a professor read so learned a lecture on the commentaries. The leaders of armies yet unborn will pay the same honours to the modern Cæsar. They will wander over with peculiar delight the plains, the eminences, the vallies, the forests which served, as it were, as so many theatres for the warlike exhibitions of our conqueror. It was observed by those who accompanied him to the wars, and who approached his person in the field, that in the ardour of combat, in the imminent moment to which victory had affixed her only hope, he possessed an uncommon tranquillity. At another time he was docile to suggestion, and submissive to counsel: but now illumination flashed on his mind, unembarrassed by a multiplicity of pressing objects; he seizes his plan, and enforces it with his own personal intrepidity! On that day of terror, when at the gates of the town, in view of all its inhabitants, when he was opposed by an expert general at the head of his select troops; at that hour, when he seemed to be abandoned by capricious fortune, they who were fighting at his side have assured me, that, had they any important business to confer with him upon, they would have appointed for the time of their discussion the moments when he was surrounded by danger and destruction: so calm, so unruffled, was his exalted mind! like a high mountain, whose aspiring summit, piercing the clouds and midway storm, remains invested with a splendid serenity.

It was reserved for these eventful times to bring to our view at the same period Conde and Turenne! now commanding separate divisions, now acting in conjunction. What boldness of execution! What prophetic sagacity! what perils! what resources! Were there ever seen two men of such a corresponding genius, stamped with such a diversity of character? One appeared to act by the slow impulse of profound reflection, the other by the sudden influx of illumination. One no sooner entered the field, than he excited the idea of the highest valour, and awakened expectation: yet leisurely advancing to the object in view, he gradually attained the summit of fame! And on a memorable day, prodigal of safety, and profuse, as it were, of life, we know how illustrious he fell! The other, impelled by an ardent instinctive intelligence, pregnant of inspiration, rivalled in the opening of his first campaign the achievements of experienced commanders. One, confiding in the resources of his inventive courage, challenged the most imminent danger, and turned even to his advantage the caprices of fortune. The other, by the prerogative of a sublime mind, and of a certain mysterious, infallible perception (the secret of which was unknown to other men), seemed born to control chance, and, as it were, to subjugate destiny.

Such are the characters which the world sometimes displays, when God (for the purpose of revealing his own power or wisdom) ordains

eminent personages to ascend the scene. Say, do his divine attributes appear more illustrious in the wonderful creation of the expanded sky, than in those men on whom he confers such splendid intellectual endowments? What star in the firmament glows with more lustre than Conde among the exalted characters of Europe? It was not, however, to the art of war, alone, that he owes his celebrity. His comprehensive mind embraced every other science: with the works of literature, and with the authors, he was equally acquainted: and they acknowledged that they never quitted his society without carrying with them a portion of his communicated wisdom, without being informed by his judicious reflections and pregnant questions, and without being illumined by the coruscations that flashed from his vivid imagination. These intellectual powers, flowing from the fountain of wisdom, demand our esteem. Yet, to humble the pride of man, we see these mental distinctions bestowed by God even on those who were deprived of the knowledge of religion. Need I pronounce the names of Marcus Aurelius? of Scipio? of Cæsar? of Alexander? These illustrious personages were called into existence to illuminate society, as the sun was planted in the firmament to illuminate the world. Who does not admire the meridian glory of that splendid orb? Who is not delighted with the orient colours which adorn his rising, and with the gorgeous clouds and majectic pageantry that dignify his decline? So are renowned personages, those mental luminaries, ordained to shine forth for the purpose of decorating the moral world! Alexander, whose object was celebrity, transcended the boundary of his utmost wishes. A kind of glorious fatality attended this conqueror..... He glides in every panegyric, and no military genius can receive the crown of honour due to his memory without enwreathing it with the name of Alexander. If a remuneration formerly were due to the prowess of the Romans, God rewarded that prowess by giving them the empire of the world, as a present of no value: a present which does not actually reach them, because it is now contracted and shrunk to a renown, which lives on their medals and mutilated statues dug from a pile of ruins! a renown which lives on their monuments mouldering at the touch of time! a renown that is affixed to their idea, to their shadow, to that airy nothing their name! Behold, ye powers of the earth, O kings! O conquerors! the reward that attends the labours of your ambition: grasp to your bosom, if you can, this glorious phantom; she will deceive your expectation, and mock your wishes even in the hour of possession. From the pursuit of this phantom our warlike prince diverts his course: no longer now the ardent warrior in the noisy chase of ambition, he treads the walk of the obscure virtues, and of the retired graces of religion. The humble duties of domestic life, the government of your family, the edification given to your servants, acts of justice and indulgence to your dependants, attention, charity, consolation given to the simple inhabitants of the cottages which surround your mansion ....these lowly virtues will one day be lifted high, and will at the last day be exalted by the Saviour of the world, in the presence of angels and of his Father.

Without waiting for the approach of illness, or the warning of caducity, Conde now dedicates his hours to religious reflections: an enlightened monk attends him in his recess: with this pious monitor he peruses the sacred page, and drinks at the fountain of true knowledge. Would to God that they who are now listening to this discourse would imitate his example! How improvident to wait till you are languishing on the couch of death! How improvident to delay the duties of religion, till, freezing under the cold touch of dissolution, you scarcely can be reckoned among the living! The

mind of our pious hero being strengthened by this preparatory discipline, he was equal to the last conflict. When the fatal time drew near, and he was informed of the approaching moment, after a short pause, he cried out in the most energetic manner, "Thy will, O God! be done: O give me grace to die the death of the just." From that moment he appeared as in the day of battle, occupied but not ruffled, intent but not alarmed, resolute but calm: and he looked upon death with an equal eye, whether it presented itself in the languid form of disease, or whether it rushed on his view in the midst of combat clothed with terror.

Religion now claims his last thoughts, and takes entire possession of his mind. As the ministers of the altar drew near, he cried out with an impressive voice, "These are my true physicians." While they recited the prayers of the dying he listened with an awful and submissive expectation. In these pathetic prayers and agonizing exclamations, our holy mother the church seems to suffer the pangs of labour, and endure the painful anxieties of a parent in bringing forth her children to celestial birth. Now calling his confessor, he solemnly attested that he had ever adhered to the belief of the Christian doctrine: he added, that his belief was now attended with a stronger conviction, and he cried out with a rapturous confidence, "Yes, I shall behold my God face to face." It seemed as if he was suddenly illuminated, as if a celestial ray had in a moment pierced the cloud of ignorance, and (if I may be allowed to say) the awful obscurity that hangs over our faith. At the dawn of such a pure ineffable light, did not the phantoms of this world recede? How dim now appears the splendor of victory! how contemptible the pride of descent! how trifling the majesty of grandeur! how puerile, how infantine the serious toils and pursuits of life! Let me then summon to this mournful solemnity, persons of every rank and profession. Draw near, ye great! ye humble! ye rich! ye poor! and chiefly ye, oh illustrious progeny of the house of Bourbon! draw near, and behold all that remains of a birth so exalted, of a renown so extensive, of a glory so brilliant! See all that sumptuousness can perform to celebrate the hero! Mark the titles, the inscriptions, she has flung around! vain indications of an existence that is not now to be found! Mark those sculptured images, that, sorrowfully bending round yon monument, appear to weep! mark those aspiring columns which magnificently attest our nothingness! Amidst this waste of decoration, this profusion of honours, nothing is wanting but the person to whom they are dedicated! Let us then lament our frail and fugitive existence, while we perform the rites of a sickly immortality to the memory of our departed hero. I now address myself particularly to those who are advancing in the same career of military glory. Approach, and bewail your great commander. I can almost persuade myself that I hear you say, "Is he then no more our intrepid chief, who through the rugged paths of danger led us often to victory? His name, the only part of him that remains is all sufficient to goad us on to future exertions ....his departed spirit now whispers to our soul this sacred admonition, that if we hope to obtain at our death the reward of our labours, we must serve our God as well as we serve our earthly sovereign." Enter then into the service of your God, the great remuneration! who, in the prodigality of his indulgence, will estimate higher one pious sigh, or a drop of water given in his name, than the sovereigns of the earth will prize the sacrifice of your lives in their service. Will not they also approach this mournful monument, they who were united to him by the sacred bond of friendship? Draw near, ye companions of his social hour; pay homage to the memory of your associate, whose goodness of heart equalled its intrepidity; and let his death be at once

the object of your sorrow, of your consolation, and of your example. As for me, if I may be permitted in my turn to deliver the sentiments of my affection, I should say, O thou illustrious theme of my encomium and of my regret! thou shalt ever claim a place in my grateful recollection: the image, however, which is there engraved, is not impressed with that daring eye which foretels victory: for I will behold nothing in you that death effaces: but on this image shall be found the features of immortality. The image presents itself as I beheld you on the hour of dissolution, when the glories of the celestial abode seemed to burst upon you. Yes! at that moment, even on the couch of languor, did I behold you more triumphant than in the plains of Fribourg and Rocroy! So true it is what the beloved disciple says: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Enjoy, O Prince! this victory, and let it be the eternal object of your triumph, which you have obtained through the meditation of a crucified Saviour. Indulge the closing accents of a voice which was not unknown to you. These lips, which have pronounced so many funeral discourses, shall now be silent. My encomiums on departed greatness shall terminate with you: instead of deploring the death of others, I will labour to make my own resemble yours: and fortunate will it be for me, if, taking warning from these white hairs, I devote myself exclusively to the duties of my episcopal functions, and reserve for my flock (whom I ought to feed with the words of life) the glimmering of an ardour that is almost extinguished, and the faint efforts of a voice that is expiring.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

The sufferings of this unfortunate victim to an unknown policy, commenced in 1685, when M. St. Mars, governor of the isle of St. Marguerite on the coast of Province, received an order from Louis XIV, to build a secure prison for the reception of the Iron Mask, to which place he was removed in 1687.

The following is a description of that prison, which father Papon had the curiosity to visit on the 2d of February, 1778. The chamber occupied by the captive was small, and was lighted by a single window fronting the north, secured by three iron grates at an equal distance from each other: this window, in a wall of extraordinary thickness, overlooked the sea, and was raised fourteen or fifteen feet above the level of the ground.

The governor treated his prisoner with the most profound respect; waited on him himself; and took the dishes, at the outer door of the chamber, from the servants who brought them up, but were not suffered any nearer approach. None had ever seen the face of the captive. He one day thought fit to engrave his name with a fork on a silver plate: a servant, into whose hands it fell, thought to make his court by carrying it to the governor: this unhappy man was deceived; being privately made away with, and the important secret buried with him.

Another account says, That the prisoner having engraved his name upon the plate, threw it out of the window, it fell upon the beach at the foot of the tower, where it was found by a fisherman, and carried to M. St. Mars, who greatly astonished at the incident, asked the fisherman "If he could read, and if any one had seen the plate in his hands?" "I cannot read, (replied the fisherman,) and no one has seen the plate." The governor detained this man until he was convinced that he could not read, and that no one had seen the plate: he then dismissed him with these words; "Go. (said he) and thank God you were never taught to read." There is strong living testimony to the truth of this latter account.

M. de la Motte Guerin, who had the command of this isle and prison in 1714, assures us, Than M. de St. Mars treated his prisoner with the utmost respect: he was served in silver, and waited on by the governor himself, who was always uncovered, and never sat down but by his express desire. He was furnished with books and the most superb clothes, and seemed particularly fond of lace and fine linen.

When he was ill and used the advice and assistance of a physician or surgeon, he was forbid, under pain of death, to unmask; but they were at liberty, in the presence of the governor, to feel his pulse, or examine his tongue, which might be put forth by raising the lower part of the mask. All boats were prohibited approaching the isle, under pain of being fired on by the centinels.

After remaining in the isle of St. Marguerite eleven years, the man in the iron mask was removed in 1698, to the bastile.

The prisoner, in a litter, preceded St. Mars, escorted by a number of armed men on horseback. At Villeneuve-Roy, St. Mars ate with his prisoner, who sat with his back to the casement of the dining-room, which looked into the court-yard. The peasants of the place, when interrogated, could not tell whether he ate with his mask on or off; but they clearly observed that M. St. Mars, who was seated opposite the prisoner, had a pistol laid on each side of his plate. They had only one valet de chambre to wait on them, who brought and took away the dishes into the anti-room, carefully shutting the door when he entered or retired. When the prisoner crossed the court, he always wore the black mask on his face; but the peasants remarked, That they could see his teeth and lips; that he was tall, and had grey hair. M. St. Mars slept in a bed near him. We never could learn whether or no he had any foreign accent in his speech.

The following particulars are taken from the manuscript journal of Du Jonca, the king's lieutenant at the bastile.

"On Thursday the 18th of September, 1698, at three in the afternoon, M. de St. Mars arrived from the isle of Marguerite, bringing with him, in a litter, an ancient prisoner, whose name he told not, and whose face was covered with an iron mask. This prisoner was lodged in the tower Basiniere till night, when, at nine o'clock, he was conducted to the chamber in the third story of the tower la Bertaudiere, which according to particular orders given, was furnished with every thing necessary. In conducting him to the abovementioned apartment, I was accompanied by the Sieur Rosarges, whom M. de St. Mars had brought with him, and who bad orders to wait on and take charge of the prisoner."

The great register confirms the journal of Du Jonca, in the following manner: viz.

Names and quality of prisoners:
Ancient prisoner from Pignerol, obliged to wear an iron mask, covered with black velvet: ignorant of his name and quality:

Date of entry:
September 18th, 1698, at three in the afternoon.

Motive of detention:
Unknown.

This mysterious personage amused himself with reading, walking in his chamber, and sometimes by playing on the guitar. Every delicacy he wished for, was immediatley ordered: but when he attended mass he was given to understand, that death would be the consequence of his speaking, or attempting to uncover his face, the invalids who guarded him having their pieces charged with ball. An old physician, who frequently attended

him during his illness, declared, That though he had examined his tongue and other parts of his body, yet he had never seen his face; he said, his voice was clear and plaintive; yet he never heard him complain of his hard fate, nor give the least intimation who he was. The above naturally leads us to the rest of Du Jonca's journal, relative to the sudden death of this illustrious, but unknown person.

On Monday the 19th of November, 1703, the prisoner in the iron mask, being taken ill after the celebration of mass yesterday, died in this evening about ten o'clock. His death was so sudden, that M. Girault, the almoner who confessed him on the 19th, had not time to administer the sacraments, but only to exhort him, a few minutes before his departure. He was interred on the 20th, at four in the afternoon, in the church-yard of St. Paul, (the parish church of the bastile,) under the name of Marchiali; his burial register being signed by M. de Rosarges, major, and M. Reilh, surgeon-major of the bastile: the expenses of his funeral amounting to 40 livres.

His bed, tables, chairs, and the other furniture of his chamber, were burnt, and the ashes carried out: the silver dishes and plates, and even the utensils of copper and brass were melted down; the plaister of the room was scratched off, till the stones were laid bare; the paved floor was chipped; and even the doors and window-shutters burnt with the rest.

Numberless are the courtiers, politicians, and writers, who have hitherto vainly endeavoured to pierce through the thick cloud of darkness enveloping this unfortunate personage. By some he was supposed to have been a twin-brother of Louis XIV, by others, the fruit of an illicit amour between Anne of Austria and cardinal Mazarine. Voltaire imagines him to have been the duke of Vermandois, natural son of Louis XIV, and the celebrated countess la Valiere, who had so far forgot himself as to give a blow to the dauphin: but the great disparity of their ages, renders this conjecture altogether improbable.

St. Fond, who proved in the most satisfactory manner, that the man in the iron mask could neither be the duke of Beaufort, nor the count of Vermandois, believes him to have been the duke of Monmouth; and this strange hypothesis he sustains with a considerable degree of ardour. "It is certain (says M. St. Fond,) it was currently reported in London, that a gentleman strongly resembling the duke, and lately serving in his army, being condemned to death on that account, received the proposal of passing for this unfortunate nobleman, and being beheaded in his stead, with as much joy as though he had received a free pardon. It is added, that Monmouth escaping in disguise, the sentence was executed on this officer believed to be the duke; and that a great court lady (the lady Wentworth,) having bribed the warden of the chapel, had his coffin opened, and his arm stripped, whereon was a mark by which she could recognise him; but seeing none, started back, and immediately exclaimed, "This is not the duke of Monmouth."

"St. Fond adds other remarks, equally tending to impose upon those as credulous as himself; but he who had confuted Voltaire with respect to the count of Vermandois, was in his turn confuted by his antagonist, in the following manner.

"St. Fond imagines the man in the iron mask to have been the English duke of Monmouth, the son of Charles II, who must have risen from the dead and changed the order of time, to have occupied his place. Is it likely that James IId, who never pardoned a convicted state prisoner, should forgive one who attempted to wrest the sceptre from his hand; and that he should be so fortunate as to suffer a public execution, from attachment to the duke? That af-

ter this transaction, the superb and high-spirited Louis le Grand should submit to be a gaoler to the king of England, though his intimate friend; and that after the abdication of James, he should do the same favour for William III, and his successor queen Anne, both of whom he detested, and with whom he was continually at war; and that he should, during their reigns, with the utmost solicitude occupy the situation of a goaler, with which dignity James II, had honoured him?"

"The duke of Monmouth was publicly beheaded between the hours of ten and twelve in the forenoon, on the 15th of July, 1685; and St. Mars relates, That the man in the iron mask was detained in the citadel of Pignerol, from 1671 to 1691; consequently this prisoner could not be the duke of Monmouth.

By others it was asserted, That the man in the iron mask was Foquet, superintendant of the finances; but it has been incontestably proved, that Foquet died in confinement at Pignerol, and was buried at Paris in 1681; whereas the masked prisoner died at the bastile in 1703.

With an equal degree of probability it was asserted, That the man in the iron mask was a secretary of the petty duke of Mantua. If so why should a person of that description be treated with such an extraordinary degree of respect, as is only paid to crowned heads or their relatives? This supposition stands upon so feeble a basis, that it is easily overthrown.

The most probable account seems to be that given in the memoirs of the Mareschal Richelieu, in which it is asserted, That the secret was extorted from the regent duke of Orleans, by his favourite daughter, who communicated it to Richelieu, at that time her professed gallant. From this detail, it seems that the man in the iron mask was the twin brother of Louis XIV, born eight hours after him. Their father Louis XIII, who was superstitious in a high degree, giving credit to certain impostors, who predicting that should the queen be delivered of twins, the kingdom would be involved in a civil war, ordered the birth of the latter prince to be kept a profound secret, and had him privately educated in the country, as the natural son of a person of distinction. But on the accession of Louis XIV, the young man having given hints that he had made a discovery of his parentage, his brother being informed of it, ordered him to be imprisoned for life, and to wear a mask to prevent his being known.

Here we seem to have arrived at the solution of this enigma: but what shall we conclude, when we are informed from respectable authority, "That the pretended memoirs of Duc de Richelieu are, in fact, no better than a chain of ingenious fictions, linked together by the dexterous hand of the Abbe Soulavie."

From the high consequence attached to the confinement; the uncommon respect ordered to be paid him; and the silence of the registers of the bastile, we cannot suppose that this celebrated prisoner could be a person of ordinary rank; yet when it is considered, as Voltaire very acutely observes, that no man of superior station was missing at that time, the imagination wanders in vain over an ocean of doubts, without a single star or pharos to direct it to the long desired point.

At the time of his death, this remarkable personage was supposed to be in the 60th year of his age.

MEMOIRS OF DR. JOHN MOORE.

Dr. John Moore, a native of Scotland, was the author of Zeluco, and of travels into France, Germany and Switzerland. His father, the Reverend Charles Moore, was a clergyman of the established church, and greatly esteemed for the purity of his manners and the amiableness of his disposition. He was one of the ministers of Stirling, where his only surviving son was born in 1730, and he contrived in that country, and at that time of

day, to live in a respectable manner on the usual stipend of about 100l. or 120l. a year. On the demise of his father about the year 1735, John, then a boy of about five years old, removed with his mother to Glasgow of which she was a native, and where a small fortune left her by her father was situated. This lady was distinguished by the strength of her understanding, which enabled her to conduct her own affairs, and superintend the education of her son with becoming propriety; she was at the same time eminent for her piety, which she early infused into the mind of her only child, as well as for the benevolence of her heart, that enabled her to cherish a love of humanity in others, while she herself exhibited a living example of its effects. Young Moore, after the necessary preparation at the grammar school, was matriculated at the university of Glasgow, and attended its various classes. Being destined for the profession of medicine, he was placed under the care of Dr. Gordon, an eminent practitioner of that day, who, like the greater part of the physicians among his own countrymen, did not disdain to unite the kindred arts of surgery and pharmacy. The student at the same time that he witnessed the doctor's mode of treating diseases, attended the lectures of Dr. Hamilton then anatomical demonstrator, as well as the medical ones of Dr. Cullen, his relation, whose fame soon after obtained for him a professor's chair in the university of Edinburg. After Mr. Moore had obtained a sufficient knowledge of the usual practice, he determined to improve himself by visiting foreign parts, and a good opportunity presented itself at this period. His royal highness the duke of Cumberland, uncle to his present majesty, after having extinguished a domestic rebellion in Scotland, had repaired to the Continent in order to combat our foreign enemies there. He at that period (1747) commanded the allied army in Flanders, and as much instruction and information was to be derived from the scenes of slaughter attendant on a bloody campaign, students from all parts of the empire flocked thither, with a view of observing and improving by the practice of the hospitals. Luckily for Mr. Moore, he obtained an introduction which tended not a little to facilitate his pursuits, for he was presented by his relations to the duke of Argyle, then a commoner, and representative of Glasgow in parliament, who was also lieutenant-colonel of a regiment of foot, ready to embark for Flanders, in order to serve under his royal highness the commander in chief. He accordingly accompanied him on board, and passed over to the continent under his protection. On his reaching Maestricht, in Brabant, our young surgeon attended the military hospitals there in quality of a mate, the usual preliminary step, and as he expected, soon enjoyed a sufficiency of practice, for the patients were at this time exceedingly numerous, in consequence of the unfortunate battle of Laffeldt. From Maestricht Mr. Moore afterwards removed to Flushing, whither he repaired and spent the winter of 1747, in consequence of recommendations from Mr. Middleton, director general, of the military hospitals to the earl of Albemarle; whence he was detached to the assistance of the surgeon of the Coldstream regiment of foot guards, commanded by that gen. Braddock, who was afterwards doomed to expiate his rashness and ignorance of American warfare by death and defeat. He accompanied this regiment from Flushing to Breda, where he spent the winter of 1748 in garrison, and on the conclusion of peace accompanied general Braddock to England. A little attendance to dates will suffice to shew, at what an early period the subject of these memoirs was thrown, as it were, upon the world; for we find him leaving his native country, and acting as a surgeon's mate in the 17th year of his age. When he was about

eighteen Mr. Moore repaired to London, with the advantage of two years constant practice: so far was good, but he soon perceived that it would be highly proper to reap as much benefit as possible from theory also. He accordingly deemed it necessary to attend the anatomical lectures of his countryman Dr. Hunter, and derive every possible assistance that could be obtained in the British capital. After this, as Paris at that period possessed and actually merited the reputation of being the best school in Europe, he determined to go thither, and actually set out soon after in company with the late Sir William Fordyce, who like himself had served on the Continent, and like himself also became a physician. Luckily for the former, lord Albemarle, whom he had known in Flanders, and who while he acted in the capacity of a general under the duke of Cumberland, was at the same time colonel of the Coldstream, of which Mr. Moore had been surgeon's mate, happened at this very period to be the British ambassador at the court of Versailles. Having paid his respects at the English hotel immediately after his arrival, Mr. Moore was instantly recognised and protected by his excellency, who had a high opinion of his merit; in consequence of which, he appointed him surgeon to his household. This situation, which was highly desirable for a young man, afforded him an opportunity of being with the ambassador, and participating in the good company and good cheer of his table; but as Mr. Moore's attachment to his profession was at that time unbounded, he preferred to lodge near the hospitals, and other sources of instruction, with which a more distant part of the capital abounded, than at the hotel de Mirepoix, situated close to the invalids, and in a more fashionable district. He accordingly chose to live in lodgings, in a quarter more congenial to his habits and pursuits, and visited lord Albemarle's family only when his assistance was required. After residing two years in Paris, it was proposed by Dr. Gordon, who was not insensible to the assiduity and improvements of his former pupil, that he should return to Glasgow, and enter into partnership with him, a custom very common in north Britain, and necessarily resulting from the extensiveness of a practice, which, among the other branches of medical science, embraced that of midwifery. Mr. Moore by the advice of his friends accepted the invitation, but deemed it proper to take London in his way, and while there, in addition to the lectures of Dr. Hunter, which he had attended before, he went through a course under Dr. Smellie, then a celebrated accoucheur. On his return to Glasgow, the subject of these memoirs practised there during the space of two years, but when a diploma was granted by the university of that city to his partner, he chose to prescribe as a physician alone, an example which, at that period, was only followed in the great towns, and is still unknown in the more northern counties. On this occasion, Mr. Moore still continued to act as a surgeon; and, as a partner appeared to be necessary, he chose Mr. Hamilton professor of anatomy, as his associate. Mr. Moore remained for a considerable period at Glasgow; but when he had attained his fortieth year, an incident occured that gave a new turn to his ideas, and opened new pursuits and situations to a mind naturally active and inquisitive. James George, duke of Hamilton, a young nobleman of great promise, being affected with a consumptive disorder, in 1769, he was attended by Mr. Moore, who has always spoken of this youth in terms of the highest admiration; but as his malady baffled all the efforts of medicine, he yielded to its pressure, after a lingering illness, in the fifteenth year of his age. This event, which Mr. Moore recorded, together with the extraordinary endowments of his patient, on his

tomb in the burying place at Hamilton, led to a more intimate connection with this noble family. The late duke of Hamilton, being like his brother, of sickly constitution, his mother, the duchess of Argyle, determined that he should travel in company with some gentleman, who to a knowledge of medicine added an acquaintance with the Continent. Both these qualities were united in the person of Dr. Moore, who by this time had acquired the degree of M. D. from the university of Glasgow. They accordingly set out together, and they spent a period of no less than 5 years abroad, during which they visited France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany. On their return, in 1778, Dr. Moore brought his family from Glasgow to London, and in the course of the next year appeared the fruits of his travels, in "A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany," in 2 vols. 8vo....Two years after, in 1781, he published a continuation of the same work, in two additional volumes, intitled "A View of Society, and Manners in Italy." Having spent so large a portion of his time either in Scotland or on the Continent, he could not expect suddenly to attain an extensive practice in the capital; perhaps, indeed, his travels and literary recreations rendered him averse from engaging in the hurry, bustle and intrigue, incident to the profession of a London physician; he however was, till the time of his death, consulted by his particular friends. As if to prove, that he was neither unworthy, nor incapable of employment, in 1785 he published his "Medical Sketches," a work, like all his other productions, favourably received; he is, however, supposed to have given some offence to a few narrow-minded men among his brethren, by the disclosure of certain arcana which they wish for the sake of their interest to conceal, and therefore consider it as high treason for any one to reveal. The next of our author's works which we shall mention, is his Zeluco. This performance abounds with many interesting events, but its chief tendency is directed towards the education of youth, as it fully evinces the fatal effects resulting from uncontrolled passion on the part of a darling son, and unconditioned compliance on that of a fond mother. While drawing the character of his hero, the author considers himself employed in "tracing the windings of vice, and delineating the disgusting features of villany." This story is calculated rather to affect the reader with horror, than warn him by example; it abounds, however, with incident, but it is to be hoped that a character so atrocious as that of Zuluco never existed in life, and is only to be met with in the pages of a novel. A great and important event, no less than that of the French revolution, now occupied the minds and writings of the literary world. Dr. Moore, instead of surveying it at a distance, like the bulk of mankind, was lucky enough to contemplate a most critical portion of it on the spot: he was not, indeed, lucky enough to be present at the period when the bastile, a structure dedicated for centuries to the crimes of a capricious and unbridled despotism, was overcome by a people who aspired to be free; but he resided in France when the hoard of foreign mercenaries, that presumed to give law to an independent state, was routed and driven back by the energetic enthusaism of a whole people, rather than the arms of the troops of the line! And alas! it was his fate also to witness the murders, the crimes, and the barbarities of September, 1792, when the atrocious machinations of a few ruffian enthusiasts deluged Paris with innocent blood, and afforded a pretence to fanaticise the greater part of Europe against the infant liberties of France. The Doctor having made the necessary preparations, set out from London, and reached Dover in the beginning of August, 1792, sailed on the 4th for

Calais, and arrived there in the course of the same day, after a voyage of only a few hours. As lord Lauderdale's delicate state did not permit them to press forward with rapidity, our travellers did not propose to make rapid journies towards the capital: on the contrary, after being conducted to the town-house of Calais, where a circumstantial description of their persons and features was taken, and inserted in their passports, they slept all night there, and proceeded no further than Abbeville next day. Here they learned, that tumults were very prevalent in the capital, and that a petition for the decheance of Louis XVI, or forfeiture of his crown, had been presented to the national assembly. After their arrival in Paris, the Doctor appears to have visited the assembly frequently, and he was awoke about two o'clock of the morning of the 10th of August by the ringing of the tocsin, and alarmed at ten by the firing of cannon; events that led to the overthrow of the monarchy, and the execution of the weak but unhappy king. Having repaired after the engagement to the palace of the thuilleries, he followed the crowd along the grand staircase, and had proceeded only half way up, when he was deterred from ascending further, first by the shrieks, and then by the immediate execution of a man, who had been detected by the populace in stealing some of the furniture. "This expeditious mode of executing justice (says he) removed all inclination of visiting the royal apartments: I descended to the terrace, and took another melancholy walk among the bodies of those whom I had seen two days before in all the pride of health and military pomp." The times being now very critical, and the massacres of September tending to render a residence in Paris highly disagreeable, the Doctor and his friends had applied to the municipality for passports, and at length found means to leave the capital on the 4th. Dr. Moore, on his arrival in England, began to arrange his materials, and, in 1795, published "A View of the Causes and Progress of the French Revolution," in two volumes, 8vo. dedicated to the duke of Devonshire. He begins with the reign of Henry IV, and ends with the execution of the royal family. In 1796 appeared "Edward: various Views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners chiefly in England." In 1800, Dr. Moore published his "Mordaunt," being "sketches of life, Characters, and Manners in various countries: including the Memoirs of a French Lady of Quality," in two volumes, 8vo. This chiefly consists of a series of letters, written by "the honourable John Mordaunt," while confined to his couch at Vevay, in Switzerland, giving an account of what he had seen in Italy, Germany, France, Portugal, &c. The work itself comes under no precise head, being neither a romance, nor a novel, nor travels: the most proper title would be that of "Recollections." Dr. Moore was one of the first to notice the talents of his countryman, the unfortunate Robert Burns, who, at his request, drew up an account of his life, and submitted it to his inspection. In 1787, a correspondence took place between them, in consequence of an event noticed in the following letter, from the poet to the traveller....

"*To Dr. Moore.*

"SIR,

"Mrs. Dunlop has been so kind as to send me extracts of letters she has had from you, where you do the rustic bard the honour of noticing him and his works. Those who have felt the anxieties and solicitudes of authorship, can only know what pleasurs it gives to be noticed in such a manner by judges of the first character. Your criticisms, Sir, I receive with reverence, only I am sorry they mostly came too late; a peccant passage or too that I would certainly have altered were gone to press. The hope of being admired for ages is, in by far the

greatest part of those even who are authors of repute, an unsubstantial dream. For my part, my first ambition was, and still my strongest wish is, to please my compeers, the rustic inmates of the hamlet, while ever-changing language and manners shall allow me to be relished and understood. I am very willing to admit that I have some poetical abilities; and as few, if any, writers, either moral or poetical, are intimately acquainted with the classes of mankind among whom I have chiefly mingled, I have seen men and manners in a different phasis from what is common, which may assist originality of thought. Still I know very well the novelty of my character has by far the greatest share in the learned and polite notice I have lately had; and, in a language where Pope and Churchill have raised the laugh, and Shenstone and Gray drawn the tear; where Thomson and Beattie have painted the landscape, and Lyttleton and Collins described the heart, I am not vain enough to hope for distinguished poetic fame."....

In return for this letter, the Doctor presented him with a copy of the new edition of his, "View of Society," and took great pains to promote his interests...." I am happy to hear (says he,) that your subscription is so ample, and shall rejoice at every piece of good fortune that befalls you; for you are a very great favourite in my family; and this is a higher compliment than perhaps you are aware of. It includes almost all the professions, and of course is a proof that your writings are adapted to various tastes and situations. My youngest son, who is at Winchester school, writes to me, that he is translating some stanzas of your Hallow E'en into Latin verse, for the benefit of his comrades. This union of taste partly proceeds, no doubt, from the cement of Scottish partiality, with which they are all somewhat tinctured. Even your translator, who left Scotland too early in life for recollection, is not without it. I remain, with great sincerity, your obedient servant, J. MOORE." Since his return from his third and last journey from France, Dr. Moore remained in the bosom of his family, and enjoyed all the pleasures in which a husband and a father could participate, at his house in Clifford-street. Many years since, he became happily united with Miss Simpson, the daughter of a gentleman of the same name, who was professor of divinity in the university of Glasgow. By this lady he had a daughter and five sons.

CHARACTER OF MR. BURKE.

Mr. Burke is dead. He is beyond the reach of public regard and hatred; and those who persecuted, and those who loved him, may weep alike for the loss of a victim, and a friend.

He was for so many years engaged in public life; so long the most conspicuous and interesting figure; that with respect to him every mode of description has been exhausted; every talent viewed in every light; every virtue either lavished or withheld; and so universally, though variously, did he touch the passions of mankind, that all who spoke of him, or heard of him, became parties in the decision upon his character, and entertained an host of adverse or partial feelings, enemies at once to truth, and evidences to the magnitude of the subject.

His private qualities, as an acquaintance, a companion, and a friend, are said to have been most useful, gratifying, and endearing. His manners, like his wit, were ever playful. The naked charms of virtue and of truth, received innumerable and unstudied ornaments, from a conversation pure in all its vivacity, though unconscious of its influence over every description of hearers, who had taste or dispositions to be delighted or improved.

The genius of Mr. Burke was full of splendor; it was the reflexion of lights from every quarter of the material and intellectual universe. His eyes shot through the depths of science, and ascertained the wanderings, or enlarged the limits of conjecture. His fancy, rich and bright, infinite in its variety, and intoxicating with its beauty, furnished copious and striking images, to illustrate and familiarize the operations of a reasoning power, otherwise too profound for common apprehension. His eloquence, convincing, persuasive, terrible when it assaulted, irresistible when it soothed, dignified in its rapidity, polished in its vehemence, diffuse, without being languid, concise, on occasion, without being obscure, never failed to agitate the fiercer, or to interest the milder passions. A spirit of divine morality breathed through him; and however our opinions may differ upon the actual effects of his words and writings, it is no great exercise of candour to suppose that his intentions were pure. His immense stores of knowledge, were, in general, drawn forth to promote, or to resist some practical object, and he forced upon us the necessity of appreciating all human intelligence, by the good or evil to which it is directed. The sensibility of his heart was exquisite, and ever alive; more rapid than the flights of his imagination ....infinitely too rapid, and at times, perhaps, too strong for his reason, it often turned against the latter, the strength it occasionally received from both. Always engaged in the contemplation of mighty objects, he knew, that although his objects were mighty, his instruments must be men. In order to make the constitution what he could approve, and the empire what he wished, he united with a parliamentary party, which appeared the most respectable and effectual means of accomplishing these ends; but in attempting to render party his instrument, he became himself, for a time, the instrument of party; and his derelict of that system upon the new turn of affairs in Europe, (the act of his life which has been the most unpopular) ought to vindicate his principles, though the consequences of it may arraign his judgment.

In our imperfect nature, the superiority of one man to another, is no more than a partial superiority. One towering faculty, in the composition of an individual, bears down and casts a shade upon the rest; in conduct it obstructs their use, as in comparison it extinguishes their lustre. Mr. Burke's miscarriages in the world of politics, though not proportioned to the grandeur of his undertakings, have been more than proportioned to those incurred by ordinary men, in the ordinary level of human character. His fertile mind nourished every subject on which he thought, into a vast creation, multiform, rich in realities, in images, and in conjectures; much of it fluctuating and fugitive, complex in its materials, boundless in its dimensions, and new to its author. More secure, but far less elevated, their lot, in whom their is little of invention to suggest, and nothing of imagination to delude; whose ideas do not multiply into clogs upon their judgment, but leave it, through an empty region, a free and inglorious path! Where these, and such men as these, have to manage only their respective atoms, Mr. Burke, in his luxuriance, had to wield an universe ....and to say that he failed, is to say that he was not a God.

Some weeds of prejudice sprung up with his opinions; a mist of superstition hung over him, which obscured important truths, and raised a multitude of illusory forms; his fancy associated other subjects with these; and his zeal committed them, so infected, to the world. The rest of mankind saw truth and falsehood in colours less strong than Mr. Burke, though perhaps more minutely accurate. All those whose cold and shallow mediocrity was incapable either of sympathizing with his sensibilities, or of fathoming his deductions, made his greatness a reproach to him, and ridiculed his intellect for

being superior to their own. Some philosophers, also, of that malignant school which affects the absence of feeling to disguise its perversion, joined in a league of abusive controversy; and madness and despotism were common themes of invective, against one of the wisest and the best of men.

Upon the whole we must impute to Mr. Burke some of the evils we have suffered, but posterity may reap unmixed advantage from his works. He combined the greatest talents of the greatest men, and his judgment was overmatched, not by the abilities of others, but by his own. He roused, by a wound, the sleeping tyger of Democracy, and provoked, and almost justified, his devastations. Had he lived in the most despicable age, his genius would have exalted it; had he lived in the most tranquil age, his conduct might have disturbed it. He has left a space that will not soon be filled. He described a grand, but irregular course; his meridian was more tolerable than his descending ray; but the heat with which he scorched us will soon be no longer felt, while the light which he diffused will shine upon us forever.

PICTURESQUE VIEW OF LONDON.

Smoke, so great an enemy to all prospects is the everlasting companion of this great city; yet it is the smoke of London, emblematic of its magnificence.

At times, when the wind changing from the west to the east, rolls the vast volumes of sulphur towards each other, columns ascend to a great height, in some parts bearing a blue tinge, in others a flame colour, and in a third, accumulated, and dense, they darken portions of the city, till the back rooms require candles. A resident in London cannot form an idea of the grand and gloomy scene ....it must be viewed from the environs.

In the spring, before fires are discontinued during a calm day, Vesuvius itself can scarcely exceed this display of smoke. It is pleasing to observe the black streams which issue from the different manufactories; sometimes darting upwards, while every trifling current gives graceful undulation; at others rolling in low movements, blending with the common air; when the dreary season of November arrives, and the atmosphere is dark and damp, a change in the wind produces an effect dismal and depressing. The smoke sometimes mixes with the clouds, and then they assume an electric appearance. When the sun breaks through this veil during the summer, its beams have a wonderful effect on the trees and grass; the green is brightened inconceivably beautiful.

London is not without attraction on a dark evening; chiefly so in winter, when a strong wind prevails.

It is then that the innumerable lights in the shops and streets send their rays towards heaven; but meeting with the smoke, depressed by a wet air, they are reflected and multiplied, making an arch of splendor, against which the houses and steeples appear in strong outlines. I have found the reflection so powerful as to dazzle my sight, and make the path dark and dangerous. A general illumination occasions great brilliancy.

Let us now view our subject from the surrounding country; and this should be done on a summer morning, before the industrious inhabitants begin their labours. The most perfect and delightful prospect is from Hamstead-Heath, when the wind blows strong from the east. Then it is that the clear bright field of ground, broken into a thousand grotesque shapes, gives lustre to the projecting front of Highgate, topped with verdure, and serving as a first distance, from which in gradual undulations the fields retire, till lost in a blue horizon. Hence, spread before you, are numberless objects to please the most difficult. The su-

burbs, as advanced guards, meets the eye in all directions, contracting their fawn-coloured sides with the neighbouring trees. Beyond them reposes in full majesty the main body, with its mighty queen, whose lofty cupola overlooks her phalanx of children, crowned with spires of various sizes and beauty, protected on the south by a chain of hills.

Much of the external splendor of London, I conceive must have been lost on the suppression of religious houses. Numerous towers and spires were destroyed, and those of the most venerable character. Several attempts to preserve St. John's, Clerkenwell, and St. Augustine's, were without success.

ANTICIPATION OF MAJOR LEWIS'S JOURNAL,

Mr. JEFFERSON having given an official account of the territory of Louisiana, has thought proper to send his first secretary to know how far that information might be relied upon.

It is said the route of the party will be as follows. It will ascend the Missisippi from the mouth of the Ohio, to the falls of St. Anthony, to gain some knowledge of the northern fur-trade. From thence it will direct its course south-westwardly, until it strikes the Missouri, which, after taking a peep at the big Indians, and viewing some part of the Salt Mountain it will ascend to its source.

From this point the party will proceed south-eastwardly, along the heights that divide the waters of the Missisippi and the Pacific ocean, noting particularly those that fall into the latter, until it reaches the heads of the river Arkansas. It is proposed that some part of the escort shall fall into these waters and float down to the Missisippi, which they will enter two hundred and fifty leagues above N. Orleans. The major will proceed on to Santa Fe,* the capital of New-Mexico, from which he will turn eastwardly to the Red river; and after exploring the silver mines in its neighbourhood, descend by it into the Missisippi, at seventy leagues above N. Orleans.

The party is expected to return in July, 1804, after having made the most correct observations on the climate, soil, trees, plants, waters, minerals, mountains and volcanos; men, beasts, fowls, and fishes:

The longitude and latitude is to be taken in certain points, and "the spaces between protracted on a map, in time instead of space," in the manner of Ellicott; see his journal p. 137.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL LEE.

General LEE was remarkably slovenly in his dress and manners; and has often by the meanness of his appearance, been subject to ridicule and insult. He was once attending general Washington to a place distant from the camp....Riding on, he arrived at the house where they were to dine, sometime before the rest of the company. He went directly to the kitchen demanding something to eat; when the cook, taking him for a servant, told him she would give him some victuals in a moment....but he must help her off with the pot. This he complied with and sat down to some cold meat which she placed before him on the dresser. The girl was remarkably inquisitive about the guests who were coming, particularly of Lee, who she said she heard was one of the oddest and ugliest men in the world. In a few moments she desired the general again to assist her in placing on the pot, and scarcely had he finished, when she requested him to

* This city is in long. W. from Philadelphia 29° N. lat. 36° and stands on a river which runs into the gulf of Mexico.

take the bucket and go to the well. Lee made no objections, and began drawing the water. In the meantime general Washington arrived, and an aid-de-camp was dispatched in search of Lee; whom to his surprise he found engaged as above.... But what was the confusion of the poor girl on hearing the aid-de-camp address the man with whom she had been so familiar, with the title of Excellency!

The mug fell from her hands, and dropping on her knees, she began crying for pardon; when Lee, who was ever ready to see the impropriety of his own conduct, but never willing to change it, gave her a crown, and turning to the aid-de-camp, observed...." you see, young man, the advantage of a fine coat.... the man of consequence is indebted to it for respect; neither virtue nor abilities, without it, will make him look like a gentleman."

ACCOUNT OF A FIRE BALL.

C. Biot, member of the national institute, in a letter to the French minister of the interior, dated July 20, 1803, gives a detailed account of his inquiries, &c. respecting a fire ball which fell in the neighbourhood of Laigle. From this the following description of the phenomenon is deduced.

On Tuesday, April 26, 1802, about one in the afternoon, the weather being serene, there was observed from Goen, Paint-Audemer, and the environs of Alençon, Falaise, and Verneuil, a fiery globe of a very brilliant splendor, which moved in the atmosphere with great rapidity.

Some moments after there was heard at Laigle, and in the environs of that city to the extent of more than thirty leagues in every direction a violent explosion, which lasted five or six minutes.

At first there were three or four reports like those of a cannon, followed by a kind of discharge which resembled a firing of musketry; after which there was heard a dreadful rumbling like the beating of a drum. The air was calm and the sky serene, except a few clouds, such as are frequently observed.

The noise proceeded from a small cloud which had a rectangular form, the largest side being in a direction from east to west. It appeared motionless all the time the phenomenon lasted. But the vapour of which it was composed was projected momentarily from the different sides by the effect of the successive explosions. This cloud was about half a league to the north-north-east of the town of Laigle: It was at a great elevation in the atmosphere, for the inhabitants of two hamlets a league distant from each other saw it at the same time above their heads. In the whole canton over which this cloud hovered a hissing noise like that of a stone discharged from a sling was heard and a multitude of mineral masses exactly similar to those distingnished by the name of meteoric stones were seen to fall at the same time.

The district in which the stones fell forms an elliptical extent of about two leagues and an half in length and nearly one in breadth, the greatest dimensions being in a direction from south-east to north-west, forming a declination of about twenty-two degrees. This direction which the meteor must have followed is exactly that of the magnetic meridian; which is a remarkable result.

The largest of these stones fell at the south-east extremity of the large axis of the ellipse; the middle sized ones fell in the centre, and the smallest at the other extremity. It thereby appears that the largest fell first, as might naturally be supposed.

The largest of all those which fell weigh seventeen and an half pounds. The smallest I saw weigh about two gros, which is the thousandth part of the former. The number that fell is certainly above two or three thousand.

In this account I have confined myself to a simple relation of facts; I have endeavoured to view them as any other person would have done, and I have employed every care to present them with exactness. I leave to the sagacity of philosophers the numerous consequences that may be deduced from them; and I shall consider myself happy if they find that I have succeeded in placing beyond a doubt the most astonishing phenomenon ever observed by man.

METEORIC STONE.

At Ensisheim, in Germany, there is a mass of stone, of the weight of upwards of two hundred pounds, called the Thunder Stone, and is generally supposed to have fallen from the atmosphere. It is of an oval form, and a rugged aspect..... In the year 1800, a piece of this mass was analyzed by Professor Barthold, who observed that its texture was so loose, that it could easily be separated by a knife, and reduced to a greyish blue powder. It was intermixed with insulated and irregular crystals of pyrites, which in some parts appeared like small veins..... From the analysis, this stone appeared to contain, of sulpher, 0.02; iron 0.2; magnesia, 0.14; alumine, 0.27; lime, 0.202; and of silex, 0.42.

HISTORY OF PHILIP DELLWYN.

(*Concluded from page* 310.)

THE autumn was advancing fast ....already the late leaves lingered on the trees, as if reluctant to lose their faint hold of life; already occasional storms of sleet and rain deformed the fair face of nature, and debarred the lady Matilda from her frequent wanderings, and lord Ernolf talked of removing to London. Our conversations now ran on the new world I was about to be introduced to; and Matilda promised to herhelf a pleasing amusement in my astonishment at the vastness and ceaseless business of the metropolis.

"But fear not," said she, "my Henry will be your Cicerone, he will be your friend, and you, I am sure you will love my Henry!"

"And who," exclaimed I, "is Henry?"

"Good heavens," returned Matilda, "do you not know that I mean my cousin, lord Villars, who is soon to be my husband?"

How I looked, I know not, but Matilda sufficiently comprehended all that passed in my heart. After a few minutes pause, she left me to solitude and reflection. What a night did I pass! but I was capable of forming my resolution. I appeared the next day thoughtful and pensive, but firm. I neither sought nor avoided Matilda: I had determined to suffer in silence, and she, who wished, as I flatter myself, to preserve for a friend, the man who had been so presumptuous as to think of loving her, assisted my endeavours by the continued mildness of her manners towards me. She affected not to have penetrated my secret, but retained, as much as possible, her former sweet and easy confidence.

The short time that remained previous to our exchanging rural shades for dusty streets, was insufficient to bring me into a temper of mind fit to see and be introduced to lord Villars; and I suffered more than language can describe, when an elegant young man, of a most prepossessing countenance, in the most graceful manner, thanked me for the service I had rendered his uncle, and bespoke my friendship in exchange for his own, adding, that his Matilda's account of me had disposed his heart to love me.

Oh had I but known of her engagement! that certainly would have secured my young and innocent heart from feeling the fatal passion that will now quit it but with life! Nor will it be long that I shall con-

tinue to feel its torments. I am rapidly approaching the end of all my sorrows. Every hour brings me sensibly nearer to that grave where alone this harassed heart can hope for rest. It was not in my nature to refuse the graceful offers of lord Villars. I could not but confess that he deserved to possess Matilda, and I strove to rejoice that she was secured from sharing the uncertain fortunes of such an outcast as myself. But to live in the daily sight of their affectionate intercourse was too much for my feelings, and the agony of my soul first undermined that best portion of my hopeless youth, health and exertion.

It was thought London did not agree with me; and lord Ernolf, who would not have been sorry to have detached his two sons from pleasures so enticing at their age, proposed my returning with them to the country. But fate disposed otherwise of me. I had been one morning out with lord Villars, and stopped at his father's house in my way home, when, in the next room, I heard a voice which instantly chased the colour from my cheeks. Lord Villars saw me change countenance, and inquired the cause. I eagerly asked who was in the next room.

"I believe," said lord Villars carelessly, "there is nobody there but Goldney."

"Goldney!" exclaimed I, "I am then on the point of knowing all.... Lord Villars, indulge me with seeing Mr. Goldney."

Lord Villars, astonished at my too evident agitation, besought me to compose myself: but while he was yet exhorting me to do so, Goldney departed. All composure vanished before this disappointment; and lord Villars, terrified at the state I was in, inquired of the servants when Mr. Goldney was likely to return. They replied that he was going immediately into the country. With the zeal of a true friend, he ordered them to pursue and bring him back if possible, and I remained during their absence in a state of indescribable emotion.

The effort was successful: they reached Goldney's inn just as he was going to mount his horse, and prevailed on him to return to the earl's before his departure. Lord Villars had taken me into the apartment where his father sat.

The old earl of St. Albans, though too much of a courtier to behave with incivility to any one, had never appeared pleased with me. His conduct had been marked with a cold reserve, and yet a scrutinizing examination, neither of them pleasing to such a temper as mine. He now surveyed me with more attentive curiosity than ever, and attempted not to enter into conversation. Lord Villars, indeed, endeavoured to entertain me; but the earl pretended to be engaged with a book, from which, however, I could perceive him perpetually raising his eyes, and fixing them on my face. At length, a knock at the door gave me reason to expect the return of Mr. Goldney.

It was he, but I took care to be standing, so as that he should not perceive me at his entrance.

"I returned instantly," said he, in a tone of servility, "to receive your lordship's further commands."

The earl expressed his surprise, and I advanced immediately opposite to Goldney.

"They were my commands, Mr. Goldney," said I, "I was unwilling to lose this opportunity of thanking you for past favours."

"I am happy to see you well, Mr. Dellwyn," replied he; "but it is rather inconvenient to me to be detained at present."

"Stay, sir," said I; "will you favour me with your company in another room?"

The earl looked haughtily at me ...."These are strange liberties in my house, Mr. Dellwyn."

"I heartily beg your lordship's pardon, but if you knew.....Lord Villars, will you indulge me with the use of your apartment?"

Lord Villars was kindly leading me thither. Goldney shewed great eagerness to be gone, and lord St.

Albans, in a stern voice, said, "This is a very singular scene; let it be terminated here!"

"With all my heart, my lord," replied I. "Mr. Goldney, I wish to have a categorical answer..... Who am I? Who were my parents? Why am I thus turned adrift on the wide world?"

The earl started up in astonishment...."Frederick," said he to lord Villars, who stood wondering in what this would end, "you have encouraged this insolence: leave the room!"

Lord Villars obeyed the tyrannic mandate of his father, who now ordered me to proceed.

"Let Mr. Goldney answer those questions," said I; "and say why I have hitherto been denied the knowledge of my parents?"

"Is it your lordship's pleasure that I answer these questions?" demanding the fawning Goldney.

"I will answer them myself," said the earl. "I doubt, not young man, that this is a predetermined scheme to affront me; yet I cannot imagine from the events that have taken place, that Mr. Goldney has betrayed his trust. Your conduct, however, evidently proves that you deserved not the intended bounty of your father. But go....you have no father! Return to your original nothingness; leave my house, and if you dare to publish what you think you know, be assured no one will credit you."

"I know nothing, my lord," said I.

"'Tis well then," replied the earl; on this head you ought to know nothing. Leave my house!"

"Mr. Goldney, said I, "I require your company."

"You will excuse me," Mr. Dellwyn," answered he; it is at present impossible."

It was impossible now to repose confidence in the bosom of Matilda. I had not courage to enter into an interesting conversation with a being too fatally dear to my heart; but even, could I in time have sought that resource, I was soon utterly deprived of it. The next day brought me a letter from lord Villars.

"What can have incensed my father against you so cruelly, I cannot imagine; but trust me, dear Dellwyn, the heart of your friend will not change. Though I am at present forbidden all intercourse with you, depend upon the constant and unalterable friendship of

"Your truly attached

"VILLARS."

This heart-breaking blow was speedily followed by another. Lord Ernolf desired to speak with me. He began a long harangue, parading his gratitude, his esteem, his affection. I would have disclaimed his praises; they soon ended of themselves with a qualifying but.....

I was aware, he knew of the intimate connection between his family and lord St. Albans. I had offended the earl; he could not imagine how a man of my gentle manners could have given so irreparable offence; but in short....

"In short, my lord," replied I, "the earl requires you to dismiss me: he has made a similar request to his son: the earl is extremely obliging; he is determined to teach me to feel the natural independency of man. My lord, our obligations have been mutual. If I had the good fortune to render you a piece of service, you have, in return, treated me with delicacy and kindness; nay, my obligations to you are of a superior kind: your lordship will accept my best thanks....you will allow me to bid your sons adieu."

"Nay, go not so," Mr. Dellwyn; let me give you some more substantial mark of my gratitude."

"Pardon me, my lord, there is no contract between us. I return to the world richer than when I entered your lordship's mansion: I have acquired more knowledge of man!"

Again lord Ernolf would have pressed some pecuniary reward upon me; but I spurned the idea of receiving assistance from a being who could so far adopt the prejudices

of another, as to abandon a man from whom he had received an important personal service, and who had undertaken for him the dignified task of leading the mind of youth through the toilsome paths of learning and virtue. Lord Ernolf was offended at my resolution: he called it pride, and left me with less complacency in his manner than when he first addressed me.

My farewel to the two boys was short, but friendly: they loved and respected their tutor, and the principles he taught them will never disgrace themselves or him. I wished to have avoided the saying "adieu!" to the lady Matilda; but she sought me. She spoke in the voice of the tenderest friendship; she entreated me to let her know what became of me; she referred me to the stability of her Henry's friendship, to my own merits, and to the power of time for raising me to happiness. I thanked her for her consolations, affected to believe them sufficient, and departed.

I felt that, if I could depend on lord Villars's friendship, he was at least too much under the controul of a domineering father, to have it in his power to serve me. My merits, I found, were insufficient to support me against calumny and unfounded enmity; and time.....yes, I felt already that a very short time would indeed put an end to my sorrows. I was now, with respect to my future prospects, precisely in the situation I was on quitting Goldney's house. I had still my pen to depend on, and I had improved my stock of experience; but other circumstances cast a shade over every effort: health was hourly eluding my grasp, nor had the fatal passion for Matilda undermined that alone....it had also robbed me of the power of exertion. Yet that ardent passion preserved me from ever committing a mean or a vicious action; it ennobled all my views, and rectified my notions. Of the enmity of lord St. Albans, I thought little....that of lord Ernolf was despicable! I now lived for myself alone! It was necessary to exert myself, and my pen at times gained me a decent subsistence; but this subsistence was precarious, and I was sometimes in a state almost amounting to starving!

I disdained, however, to let either lord Villars or the lady Matilda know where I had hidden my wretched head; but I found all my fond dreams of fame and grandeur gradually fade away, and I could not help wishing, at some impious moments, to exchange situations with any poor mechanic, whose labour secured to him a decent and permanent subsistence. Then again, when I had obtained a fresh supply of that necessary yellow dirt, which serves in civilized nations as the medium of life, I would wander forth amid fields and woods, and feel triumphant at my own independency. I would feel too the morsel more sweet, for being gained by mental talents.....I would feel it almost sacrilege to wish to exchange the luxury of internal refinement and cultivation for any pecuniary advantages the world can offer.

My mind sometimes dwelt on the strange conduct of lord St. Albans: an idea that I was his son haunted me. How else could he so readily have conceived the meaning of my questions to Goldney? Why else should he have answered them as he did? This persuasion became daily stronger and stronger, and I determined to stand once more before lord St. Albans. I had nothing to detain me in one place more than another. I loitered therefore near his house, till I was convinced that neither lord Villars nor lady Matilda were at home, and the door being opened to me by a servant, to whom I was unknown, I was introduced at once to the earl.

He knew me instantly, and ordered the man to turn me out. I calmly turned round to the man, and assured him I was no ruffian, but had particular and private business with lord St. Albans. The man, as was his duty, was preparing to obey his master. I was, however, at that moment nerved by resolution, and

seizing him, forcibly pushed him out of the room: then calmly securing the door, I advanced to the earl.

"My lord," said I, "you would not be so eager to dismiss me, were you not conscious I have a claim to be heard. I am your son, lord St. Albans!" His teeth gnashed with rage....his cheeks lost every particle of colour....I repeated aloud, "I am your son!"

"Where did you....who has dared...."

His words were now not more incoherent than unintelligible.

"My lord," resumed I, "you yourself have been my informer. Your emissary, Goldney, has been true to his trust. Your own unjustifiable rage, your present agitation all confirm it. I am your son!"

"I defy you," said he, "to prove your words."

"I am perfectly indifferent," returned I, "whether they are ever proved or not. I mean not to assume any splendor in consequence of knowing myself to be the offspring of an earl; but suffer me to ask, why was I brought into the world, why was I taught all kinds of learning, and then left to chance, to misery, to ruin?"

"Let me ask you two questions, Mr. Dellwyn," said the earl sternly, but calmly. "If you are not my son, in what light can you justify this conduct? And if you are such, how dare you question your father?"

"If the name of father gives you any rights, my lord," replied I, "the name of son gives me no fewer! The sort of protection hitherto bestowed, the education I have received, perhaps call upon you for still more than the mere paternal relation. If, on the contrary, I am not your son, I may demand, in my turn, what meant your vehemence when I met Mr. Goldney here?"

"Learn all you wish to know of Goldney," retorted the earl..... "He can explain the mystery to you."

"He cannot root from my bosom," returned I, "the conviction tha you are my father....and can proudly say, I was not unworthy of your intended bounty....I am not unworthy of your regard and affection; but think not, my lord, that I would now accept either: your bounty I should despise, and your affection I could not return."

"This insolence is past bearing," said the earl.

"I am not insolent, my lord," said I; "I am only resolute. Declare once upon your honour that I am not your son, and I will make any apology for my conduct, and quit your presence directly."

"Are you to dictate to me," said lord St. Albans, "the conditions on which you will leave me at peace?"

"I have a right to insist on an answer to this question," said I; "you have raised this idea in my heart, and I am entitled to have it confirmed or destroyed by a positive answer!"

* * * * * *

Here a leaf of the manuscript is wanting.

* * * * * *

Lord Villars was kind, affectionate, and generous, but his endeavours came too late; the incurable blow was struck, and I laboured under the slow but sure disease of a broken heart. In vain he spoke to me in the voice of the most soothing friendship; in vain he dwelt upon the name of brother: I could not reflect without horror that I owed my birth to a man who had disgraced humanity by his treatment of my mother. Too feeble now to record the dreadful tissue of villany by which she was deceived, I can only say, it ought to stamp the name of St. Albans with eternal infamy. The amiable lady Villars too exerted all her powers to console me. She spoke to me of my unfortunate mother; she recollected every little incident that she thought would prove to me her superiority to her sorrows. As she described her, I

thought of my dear Miss Goldney, now dear to me in the sad light of sister to my mother.

Lord Villars was pleased to see the power the soothings of his Matilda had over my mind. He besought me to reside wholly with them; but though the love I bore to the lovely lady Villars was no longer impetuous, it was still too tender to allow me to see her daily. The tones of her voice, the touch of her hand, the glance of her eye quickened my pulses, and agonized my feelings. I became convinced that I should only linger on in irremediable weakness, while I continued to behold her so frequently. I determined to remove to a distance from those, whose friendship, more than any earthly blessing, would have soothed me, but for the nature of my feelings for the lady Matilda.

I resolved to bend my course into Wales. I passed through the village where mine infant years had been spent. I wept over the grave of my dear Miss Goldney; and as I gazed on the records of frail mortality which surrounded me, I perceived in an obscure corner, a plain black tablet, which I approached....

MARIA GOLDNEY,
AGED 25.

Oh, what bitter tears did I shed over the tomb of my mother! I knew not how to tear myself thence!

At length I reached this romantic country; but its pure air, its salubrious whey cannot restore a constitution broken by incurable sorrow. I have found here hospitality unbounded, sympathy sincere, and genuine affection. Yes, worthy and virtuous people, your generous simplicity has soothed a broken heart, and calmed the jarring irritated passions of an injured man. And thou, lovely flower, whose mild eyes beam the sweetest pity for sorrows no human aid can relieve, Oh may thy lot through life be happy! May no artful villain lay snares for thy unsuspecting innocence; but happy in mutual love, mayst thou sometimes shed a melancholy tear over my early grave!

Had I been left in utter ignorance, I might have been contented and happy. No dreams of perfection, no visions of felicity would have disturbed my quiet ease; but ah, ever dear Miss Goldney! you opened to my view a species of happiness, to which my soul was congenial; nor could mere vulgar comforts have satisfied a being who had been formed by your converse! Not long will it be ere I join your pure spirit and my blessed mother's in those realms whence we shall view with pity the errors of misguided man! I feel daily the approaches of the deliverer, Death! I welcome those symptoms which tell me I have not long to groan under the sense of hopeless misery: even now I can rejoice in the continued happiness of lord Villars and Matilda. Dear to my soul as she will ever be, while it retains its consciousness, my love is purified from every selfish emotion, and exults in her felicity. To that love I have owed much.....

There abruptly ends this little history. Whether thus suddenly left by the increasing weakness of its hapless writer, or whether another leaf has been lost, I cannot determine: such as it is, however, it is sufficiently connected to create interest; and the gentle spirit of Philip Dellwyn will be gratified with the sympathy his fate will have excited.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF THE LATE DR. DARWIN.

CONCERNING this far-celebrated man, whose death we had the painful task of announcing in our last number, we have collected the following particulars:.....Erasmus Darwin, the seventh child and and fourth son of Robert Darwin, Esq. was born at Elston, near Newark, in Nottinghamshire, on the 12th of December, 1731; he received his early education at Ches-

terfield-school, under the Rev. Mr. Burrows, of whom he always spoke with great respect. He was entered with two of his elder brothers, at St. John's college, Cambridge; and, being intended for the practice of medicine took the degree of M. B. in 1755, defending in his thesis an opinion, that the motion of the heart and arteries is produced by the immediate stimulus of the blood. During his residence at Cambridge, Mr. Darwin was elected to one of lord Exeter's scholarships, worth about 16l. per annum, which, from the meagerness of his father's income at that time was esteemed a desirable acquisition. After having prepared himself for his future profession, by an attendance on the lectures of Dr. Hunter, in London, and by a severe course of study at Edinburgh, he contemplated the metropolis as the proper theatre for his exertions. Deterred, however, by the want of an immediate introduction, and the improbability of obtaining immediate patronage, Doctor Darwin thought it altogether more adviseable to settle in the country; the first place to which he went, in the capacity of a physician, was Nottingham, where he was entirely disappointed in his hopes of practice; he removed, therefore, to Litchfield, with letters of introduction to lady Gresley and the Rev. Mr. Seward. Here his great capacity and various acquirements were more justly appreciated; he resided at Litchfield during a great number of years, in the enjoyment of a very extensive reputation, and a very profitable practice, the foundation of which is said to have been laid by his success in restoring to health a gentleman of fortune in the neighbourhood, whose recovery was despaired of by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances.

In the year 1757 Dr. Darwin married Miss Mary Howard, daughter of Charles Howard, Esq. by his wife, Elizabeth Foley: she died in 1770. By this lady he had five children, two of whom died in their infancy: the eldest son, Charles, he educated to his own profession, but he died in the 20th year of his age, very soon after he had finished his course of studies at Edinburgh, where he gained considerable reputation, by endeavouring to furnish a criterion for distinguishing pus from mucus.* The second son, Erasmus, was an attorney, and practised at Derby: about three years since (in 1799) he walked into his garden, at dead of night, threw himself into the Derwent, and was drowned. Dr. Darwin's third son, Robert, is a physician, in very extensive practice, at Shrewsbury, and married the daughter of the late Mr. Wedgewood, of Etruria.

Soon after the decease of his wife, Dr. Darwin commenced his laborious work, Zoonomia, which, however, he did not think proper to publish till about eight years since.

In 1778 he obtained a lease of a picturesque spot of ground, about a mile from Litchfield, where a cold bath was erected by Sir John Flayer, an eminent physician in the beginning of the last century: there is a grotto, surrounded by projecting rocks, from the edges of which trickles a perpetual shower of water. This place became his favourite retreat and amusement: here he formed a botanic-garden, and began his poem on the "Loves of the plants," the scenery of which, "as adapted to love-scenes, and being thence a proper residence for the Goddess of Botany," is taken from these sequestered shades:....

* Dr. Darwin edited this posthumous work of his son Charles which was published in 1780, under the title of "Experiments, establishing a criterion between mucilaginous and purulent matter: and an account of the retrograde motions of the absorbent vessels of animal bodies in some diseases."

"And if with thee some haplesss maid should stray,
Disastrous Love companion of her way,
Oh lead her timid steps to yonder glade,
Whose arching cliffs depending alders shade;
There as meek Evening wakes her temperate breeze,
And moon-beams glimmer through the trembling trees,
The rills, that guggle round, shall soothe her ear,
The weeping rocks shall number tear for tear," &c. &c.

Canto 1, *line* 25.

In the year 1780, Dr. Darwin was called to attend colonel Sacheverel Pole, of Radbourne-hall, distant four miles from Derby, and a few months after the decease of the colonel he married his relict, Mrs. Pole, with a jointure of 600l. per annum, to which 100l. was added, by establishing the validity of a promissory-note, which had been given to her by her former husband. The marriage of Dr. Darwin occasioned his immediate removal from Litchfield to Radbourne, where he resided till he could be accommodated with a house in Derby: in this last situation he remained till about three months before his death, when he removed to an old mansion, called Breadwall priory, about three miles distant from Derby, which was a commodious and peaceful retirement for his old age. During the last few years Dr. Darwin was much subject to inflammation in his breast and lungs: he had a very serious attack of this disease in the course of the last spring, from which, after repeated bleedings by himself and a surgeon, he with great difficulty recovered. On the 10th of April last he was attacked with a severe shivering fit, followed by a correspondent hot one, and accompanied with symptoms of inflammation in his lungs: his surgeon, Mr. Hadley, took from him, in course of the day, twenty-five ounces of blood: the fever was removed, and in two or three days he became to all appearance, quite well, and declared himself perfectly recovered. On Saturday, the 17th he amused himself in his garden, with all his children, who were come home from school, probably on account of the easter-holidays: in the evening, as he was walking with Mrs. Darwin, and a lady of about his own age, the latter remarked, that he would have sufficient employment for ten years in bringing all his plans about the place to perfection. "You, Madam (he replied) have as good a prospect as any body I know, of your age, of living ten years....I have not."....Mrs. Darwin remarked his good looks, spirits, and strength: he said, "I always appear particularly well immediately before I become ill." He sat with his family in the evening, conversing with his usual cheerfulness, went to bed, rose at six on the following morning, and wrote some letters: he then called his servant, fell into a violent fit of passion with him on account of his horses, and was seized with a cold shivering fit, which increased, and was attended with thirst: he then sat down by the kitchen-fire, and drank a considerable quantity of butter-milk, but feeling himself much indisposed, he lay down on a sofa, when becoming more cold and torpid, he was raised up, and placed in an arm-chair, where, without pain, or any emotion, he expired, between eight and nine o'clock, in the 71st year of his age.

The death of Dr. Darwin is variously accounted for: it is supposed to have been caused by a cold fit of an inflammatory fever: Dr. Fox, of Derby, considers the disease which occasioned it to have been angina pectoris; but Dr. Garlike, of the same place, thinks this opinion not sufficiently well-founded: whatever was the disease, it is not improbable, surely, that the fatal event was hastened by the violent fit of passion with which he was seized in the morning.

Dr. Darwin has left a widow and six children by his last marriage: besides these, there are two natural daughters (Miss Parkers) whom he has established at a school at Ashbourne, and for whose instruction and assistance he composed and published his Treatise on Female Education.

During the whole of his life. Dr. Darwin was remarkable for great benevolence of disposition, and it was particularly conspicuous in the care he took even of the lowest animals. He had frequently expressed a strong desire, that the termination of his existence might be without pain, having always looked upon death as the less evil of the two. He was of a middle stature, in person gross and corpulent; his features were coarse, and his countenance heavy; if not wholly void of animation, it certainly was by no means expressive. The print of him, from a painting of Mr. Wright, is a good likeness. In his gait and dress he was rather clumsy and slovenly, and frequently walked with his tongue hanging out of his mouth.

A gentleman with whom he was many years in the habits of intimacy, relates "that in his youth Dr. Darwin was fond of sacrificing to both Bacchus and Venus: but he soon discovered that he could not continue his devotions to both these deities without destroying his health, and constitution.* He therefore resolved to relinquish Bacchus, but his affection for Venus was retained to the last period of life."

* At this period of life, when he was hesitating from which of the two favourite altars he must discontinue his sacrifices, we may suppose him to have translated, with so much spirit and effect, the following epigram of Martial:....

Balnea, Vina, Venus, corrumpunt corpora nostra,
At faciunt vitam Balnea, Vina, Venus.
Wine, women, warmth, against our lives combine;
But what is life without warmth, women, wine!

In the second vol. of Zoonomia (Class iv. 1, 2, 15. Art. Podagra,) Dr. Darwin relates, that about forty-five years ago he was first seized with a fit of the gout; in consequence of which he totally abstained from all fermented liquors, not even tasting small beer, or a drop of any kind of wine: but he ate plentifully of flesh-meat, and all kinds of vegetables and fruit, using, for his drink at meals, chiefly water alone, or cream and water, with tea and coffee between them, as usual. By this abstinence from fermented liquors he kept quite free from the gout for fifteen or sixteen years, and from some other complaints to which he had been subject: he then indulged himself occasionally with a little wine and water, cyder and water, &c. but was speedily admonished into his former temperance, by a paroxysm of the gout. He was in the habit of eating a large quantity of food, and his stomach possessed a strong power of digestion: his advice frequently was "Eat, eat, eat as much as you can;" but he took every opportunity to impress a dread of all fermented liquors on the minds of his patients, whose diseases he was too ready to represent as originating in the frequent use of them.

In the "Botanic Garden" (Part II. Canto iv. 357, &c) Dr. Darwin has taken an opportunity to express his strong antipathy against fermented liquors, by comparing their effects to that of the Promethean fire:...."The ancient story of Prometheus, who concealed in his bosom the fire he had stolen, and afterwards had a vulture perpetually gnawing his liver, affords so apt an allegory for the effects of drinking spirituous liquors, that one should be induced to think the art of distillation, as well as some other chemical processes (such as calcining gold), had been known in times of great antiquity, and lost again. The swallowing drams cannot be better represented in hieroglyphic language than by taking fire into one's bosom; and certain

by rapid glances, from any books which accident throws in our way. Instead of that orderly, scientific method of study, which is the direct road to knowledge, are substituted miscellaneous reading, and vague thinking, from which nothing is to be expected, but a confused mass of truth and error. Thus, opinions, once introduced, however it is, that the general effect of drinking fermented or spirituous liquors is an inflamed, schirrous, or paralytic liver, with its various critical or consequential diseases, as leprous eruptions on the face, gout, dropsy, epilepsy, insanity."

In the very brief and hasty memoir which we are now compiling, it is not to be expected that we should dissert on the genius and writings of Dr. Darwin: the various productions of his fanciful and philosophical pen have long since been exposed to public criticism, and received an ample share, as well of obloquy as applause.

WHENCE ARISES THE DIVERSITY OF OPINION?

Ever since men began to think and inquire, they have differed in opinion; and it does not appear from the history of mankind, that, as they have increased in knowledge, they have hitherto proportionably approximated towards agreement. Hence some have been inclined to infer, that to such beings as men, diversity of opinion is a benefit. It might as reasonably be asserted, that disease is a benefit, because it has given birth to the science of medicine. Truth being one, if there was no such thing as error, all men must think alike; and error is certainly a disease, or defect of the mind, which it is the business of philosophy to remove. Diversity of opinion, if it has stimulated inquiry, has also generated animosity and intolerance. It must, therefore, be considered as an evil, which it is for the interest of mankind, as much as possible, to banish from the world: and it is of importance to examine, whence this imperfection in the nature, or present state, of man arises; for it is only by attending to the causes of any malady, that we can hope to discover the means of cure.

Many of the causes of diversity of opinion, are of a moral nature, originating in the habit and temper of the mind. Among these, one of the most prevalent, is indolence, or an indisposition to mental exertion, in the search after truth. The present modes of education are in no respect more faulty, than in neglecting to cultivate and improve the reasoning faculty. During the early period of instruction and discipline, in which the mind is moulded, it is thought sufficient to store the memory with words and facts. enrich the fancy with images, and impress the heart with sentimenty, without instituting any course of intelectual exercises, by means of which young people may form a habit of deducing from admitted premises, certain, or probable, conclusions. It is not till they pass from the grammar-school, to the last finishing of the university, that young men are taught to think. Hence arises an indolent and desultory habit of the mind, which indisposes it for those vigorous and continued exertions which are necessary to the successful investigation, or even the accurate apprehension, of truth. To escape the fatigue of pursuing a regular train of thought, and examining minutely and methodically any subject of inquiry, we content ourselves with general ideas, casually collected from conversation, or snatched up by rapid glances from any books which accident throws in our way. Instead of that orderly, scientific method of study, which is the direct road to knowledge, are substituted miscellaneous reading and vague thinking, from which nothing is to be expected, but a confused mass of truth and error. Thus opinions once introduced, however ill found-

ed, obtain an easy reception, and are transmitted from hand to hand without due examination, till the counterfeit currency becomes more numerous than the sterling coin.

That diligence of inquiry which leads to truth is prevented; and, consequently, those erroneous conceptions which multiply contrary opinions, are fostered by conceit. This quality is called by the French, opiniatrete and by some of our old English writers opiniatry, doubtless to express the immoderate fondness of the conceited man for his own opinions. To this fault young people are particularly liable. The first acquisitions which a young person makes in science, like the first piece of money which a child calls his own, are valued beyond their real worth; and the reason in both cases is, that the possessor is not capable of comparing his little stock with the larger treasures of others. It is chiefly on this account, that

'A little learning is a dangerous thing.'

While we are at the foot of the hill of science, our view is so confined that we can neither perceive to what heights others have attained, nor observe what vast regions remain unexplored by ourselves. In the lower stages of improvement, men are apt to rest satisfied with their present attainments, and to sit down contented with their present stock of ideas, and their present set of opinions, without suspecting that they may be false and erroneous, or apprehending any necessity for giving them a careful revisal. It is from the modest inquirer, and not from the conceited sciolist, that the world must look for the correction of those errors which have diversified opinion.

Nearly allied to conceit is pertinacity, another moral fault, which has the same tendency. Some men grasp their opinions, in whatever way they acquired them, with so firm a hold that they cannot be wrested from them by any force or argument. With such persons, opinions have all the value and certainty of axioms. Never admitting a doubt concerning the truth of the dogmata they embrace, or making the supposition, so mortifying to their pride, that they possibly may be mstaken, they read and converse only to support their system. "Why should we give ourselves the trouble to search for a treasure, which we already possess? or why listen to men who are, either ignorantly or dishonestly, pleading the cause of error?" Such is the genuine language of dogmatism. Its sure effect upon others, is to produce disgust instead of conviction; upon the dogmatist himself, to shut him up forever within the narrow enclosure of his own prejudices: it therefore tends to perpetuate multiplied and contradictory errors.

Dogmatism upon the most favourable supposition, proceeds from narrow and partial views. But men are often positive and dogmatical, not because they have studied the subject in dispute imperfectly, but because they have not studied it at all. They have no doubt that the opinions which they have received from their ancestors, or from their instructors, must be true: without examining the arguments, or evidence on which they are founded, they embrace them as incontrovertible doctrines, and maintain them as strenuously, as if they had seen them established upon the fullest demonstrations. Such persons seem to consider their opinions as a part of their inheritance, and to retain them as tenaciously as their estates. This implicit deference to authority, evidently tends to preserve alive those false opinions which have once obtained the sanction of a great name, or the patronage of the civil power. According to this principle, Aristotle ought still to preside in our schools, and the system of Descartes should never have given way to that of Newton. Were this principle universal, error, in its multifarious forms, must become perpetual; and

it would no longer be true, that * "time, while it confirms the dictates of nature, destroys the fictions of opinion."

But nothing has a more powerful tendency to produce those erroneous judgments, which occasion diversity of opinion, than the predominancy of passion over reason. While the mind is kept perfectly cool, and free from agitation, it can contemplate objects according to their real nature, without exaggeration or distortion: and to view every thing as it is in itself, and as it stands related to other things, is the proper office of the understanding, and the only way to discover truth. In mathematical and philosophical reasonings, provided the feelings of vanity and emulation be excluded, the understanding is commonly free from the bias of passions, and pursues truth in the right line of fair investigation. But on other subjects, in which personal interest is concerned, and concerning which, hope, fear, or any other powerful passion renders the decison, on either side, an object of desire or aversion, we are in perpetual danger of forming false judgments. It is not, indeed, certain, that in determining any doubtful question, in the manner which best accords with our private advantage, we are adopting an error; for it may happen, that speculative truth and personal interest may coincide: "People," says Mr. Locke, "may stumble upon truth in the way to preferment." But in cases in which the inquirer is deeply concerned in the result of his speculations; when, for example, wealth, popularity, or advancement, is connected with one decision, and poverty, obscurity, or suffering with the reverse, it requires no small portion of integrity and fairness, to make an impartial judgment. It cannot admit of a doubt, that the edifice of superstition has lasted longer, by means of the buttresses which power has erected to support it, than it could have done without them. Many opinions are now existing, and even flourishing, through their alliance with interest, which, left to the natural process of the human intellect, would probably, by this time have been extinct.

The moral causes of diversity of opinion, already enumerated, may be sufficient to account for innumerable cases of erroneous judgment, in which men wander, in various directions, from the truth, merely because they are not honestly and resolutely engaged in the pursuit of knowledge. Other causes, less under our controul, remain to be mentioned.

Great confusion of ideas, and consequent diversity of opinion, arise from the want of precision in the use of terms. The only science in which the leading term is accurately defined, and strictly used in one given sense, is mathematics; and to this cause is, in a great measure, owing the superiority of this science to all others, in perspicuity and certainty. As far as the science of physics partakes of mathematical accuracy, in its use of terms, it becomes capable of demonstration; and just in the degree in which, from the want of a complete idea of the things or properties which the terms express, they are imperfectly defined, uncertainty arises. In other sciences, particularly metaphysics, theology, and morals, innumerable terms are adopted, which in different connections, and used by different persons, represent different combinations of ideas. Hence when they are employed in argument, a confusion of conception, and diversity of opinion, are necessarily produced. The whole metaphysical doctrine of Aristotle, concerning being abstractedly considered, is a mere science of words; and the innumerable disputes which it created among the scholastics in the middle age, were nothing better than logomachies. The sects

* Opinionum commenta delet dies, Naturæ judicia confirmat.

of the nominalists and realists, which through the eleventh and twelfth centuries, disturbed the worlds with angry contentions on the question, whether the universals have a real essence, or are mere names, would have been at once annihilated by settling the meaning of the terms genus and species. Confusion in the use of the terms substance, nature, being, person, generation, &c. gave rise to the numerous sects in which the christian church was early divided, concerning the divine nature and person of Christ. The ancient schools of the philosophers, maintained endless disputes concerning the supreme good, the value of pleasure, and other moral topics, which originated entirely, in the different collections of ideas which they respectively connected with the same words. "Let us," says Cicero, to the Stoic, "settle the meaning of terms, and no controversy will remain*." Among disputants of modern times, greater precision of language has been studied; yet, perhaps, it will be found, that the controversies concerning liberty and necessity, concerning the foundation of morals, and some others, are rather disputes about words than things.

Disagreement in judgment, and, consequently, diversity of opinion, is further increased by the injudicious use of metaphorical language. Figures of speech are the instruments of oratory, not of logic. By distracting the mind between different objects, they interrupt that steady contemplation of the matter in question, which is necessary to the discovery of truth. They are also frequently employed to create arbitrary associations, and to prepossess the mind by impressions on the imagination, while the understanding ought to be coolly occupied in argumentative discussion. Of this, almost every treatise in theological or political controversy furnishes examples. This is often to be imputed to crafty design, but is sometimes merely the effect of literary vanity. Writers who excel more in fancy than judgment, and whose taste in style inclines rather to ornament than simplicity, are too apt to load even scientific disquisitions with rhetorical figures and thus lose in perspicuity of reasoning, more than they gain in elegance of writing. It may deserve the attention of those who are fond of eloquent argumentation, that one of the most perfect books of reasoning in the world, the Elements of Euclid, has not a single rhetorical figure from the beginning to the end. As far as language is concerned in argument, a better rule cannot be laid down, than that of Cicero: "Care should be taken to make use of the most common words, and such as are best adapted to express the meaning*."

The neglect of method in study, is another fruitful cause of diversity of opinion. Even in the construction of general plans of education for public schools, much remains to be done, before a regular edifice of instruction will be erected. There is a natural connection among the several parts of science, which renders it exceedingly desirable that a broad foundation being laid in the knowledge of the materials and the instruments of science, things, and words, the superstructure should be raised with a due regard to relation, proportion, and harmony. When this great work shall be accomplished, by the united exertions of well-informed and comprehensive minds, it may be expected, that many systems of opinions will be overturned, and that the uniformity of judgment, which statesmen and priests have so long in vain attempted to produce by coercion,

* Conferam tecum quam cuique verbo rem subjicias nulla erit controversia. De Fin. l. iv. c. 27.

* Opera danda est, ut verbis utamur quam usitatissimis, & quam maxime aptis, id est, rem declarantibus. De Fin. l. iv. c. 20.

will in some degree arise from the regular investigation of truth. For the want of such a plan of instruction, knowledge, even upon the subjects most interesting to man, is commonly gathered up in an accidental and desultory manner. Partial views are taken of great questions in theology, morals, and policy; no single point is examined throughout, and in regular train. A few arguments, on one side, are contemplated in full view, and in a strong light; others of equal importance are slightly noticed; and, perhaps, the whole, or the greater part of the evidence, on the side contrary to that which the reader is disposed to favour, is overlooked, or designedly kept out of sight. The inevitable effects must be prejudice, error, and diversity of opinion.

If the matter be traced still higher, it will be found that, where neither passion nor prejudice, interferes, men still think differently, from the want of certain data, in which they are agreed, as the basis of their subsequent reasonings. Excepting only in pure geometry, a foundation of definition and axioms has never yet been so firmly laid as to produce, in the application, irresistible demonstration. Some philosophers have conceived, that there are in every science certain first principles, the truth of which is intuitively perceived. But it is a strong presumption against the existence of such principles, that no one has ever been able to discover a criterion by which they are to be distinguished, on the one hand, from opinions formed by prejudice, and, on the other, from the legitimate deductions of reason. It will perhaps be found, upon strict examination, that those first principles which are called axioms in geometry, appear to the mind as certain truths, because they necessarily follow from the admitted signification of the terms. The whole is known to be greater than its part, not by intuitive reason, but, because the terms whole and part, being understood to express certain relative ideas of magnitude, cannot retain their meaning, unless the proposition be received as true. If this explanation of the nature of an axiom be accurate, the reason why there is such a perfect agreement concerning geometrical truths, and so much diversity of opinions concerning propositions in other sciences, is, that, in the former case, the leading terms which are made use of are universally understood in the same sense; but, in the latter, have different meanings.

Diversity of opinion must be ultimately ascribed to the different degrees of imperfection in human knowledge. Were all men perfectly acquainted with the nature, properties, and relations of the beings which come under their perception or contemplation, they must see every thing as it is, and must, therefore, form the same judgment concerning it. Did all men know alike, though imperfectly, their opinions must be the same. But, while one man knows more than another, and while men, from their incomplete knowledge of things, must necessarily view the same objects under different aspects, and be liable to misconception and error, it is impossible that diversity of opinion should not arise. Concerning mathematical figures and quantities, our knowledge is certain. Concerning the forms and obvious properties of bodies, which come under the notice of the senses, the judgments of different persons will commonly be the same. Concerning physical powers, the effects of which are subjected to experiment, a general agreement may be expected. But, with respect to historical facts, which must be reported on human testimony, and cannot be judged of without weighing various circumstances; with respect to moral and political questions, the accurate decision of which requires a diligent examination of numerous facts; and with respect to intellectual beings, and their powers and their qualities,

known only from inference or analogy, opinions, however satisfactory, must be liable to great diversity. On on these latter subjects, as one has well observed*, it is difficult to find out truth, because it is in such considerable proportions scattered in a mass of opiniative uncertainties, like the silver in Hiero's crown of gold.

Error and its inseparable concomitant, diversity of opinion, are entailed by an irreversible decree upon human nature. These defects may, however, be in some measure corrected. Without the aid of persecution, which can at most only enforce an hypocritical uniformity of profession, instead of unity of belief, the liberal protection and encouragement of free inquiry may cherish the love of truth, and promote the honest and ardent pursuit of knowledge. Individual attention to moral discipline may cure those diseases of the mind, which multiply and perpetuate erroneous opinions. If the project of an universal philosophical character, in which the present ambiguities of language should be avoided, and all the varieties of human ideas should be correctly represented, and classically arranged, be too difficult to be accomplished, men may, at least, learn to use with greater caution and skill, the symbols with which they are already furnished. New institutions of education adapted to the present state of knowledge, may be introduced, in the room of the cumbrous systems, which time has fairly worn out. Unprofitable speculations may give way to such literary and scientific pursuits, as promise general utility. And if, after all, knowledge should never become so perfect and universal, as to banish diversity of opinion, men may, at least, be heartily united in prosecuting the great object of the common good, and, with respect to every point of doubtful speculation, may candidly *agree to differ*.

* Glanville.

CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON THE EXTRACTION OF SUGAR AND SYRUP FROM INDIGENOUS PLANTS....HERMSTÆDT.

From the chemical analysis of vegetable substances, and the knowledge of their constituent and other particles contained and mixed with them, it is sufficiently evident that the East and West-Indies are not the only countries provided by nature with saccharine plants; but saccharine matter is abundantly found in other productions of the vegetable kingdom, and it only requires an assiduous examination to point out those vegetables from which it may be most copiously and in the least expensive way obtained.

Among the plants hitherto examined, none deserve to be ranked so near the true sugarcane as the whole genus of maple trees, and of these, particularly the sugar and silver maple, Acer saccharinum, and A. Dasycare pon Ehrh: Both trees have been used for these fifty years, to obtain sugar from them, which in the last years has proved to be particularly profitable. By my own experiments, which I have repeatedly made since the winter of 1796, I found out, that from all species of maples, sugar may be, with more or less profit, obtained; and that the sugar and silver maples, growing even in Germany, though not in the best soil, give a very good raw sugar, not inferior to the best West-India cane sugar, and which is got so cheap, that a pound of it will come no higher than eighteen or twenty pfennige, or about two pence half-penny, and only a groshen or a penny, when instead of charcoal common coal or turf are employed for boiling the juice, and particularly when the operation is made upon a large scale, as one labourer is able to attend five hundred trees during the period of tapping them. The process of boiling the juice is besides so very simple,

that every body may soon learn it. But these advantages are only to be expected from the sugar and silver maple, as the other species, Acer Negundo, A. campestre, A. platanoides, and A. pseudoplatanus, contain a less quantity of juice, which is also not so rich in saccharine matter. However, as plantations of those maples require a space of twenty or twenty-five years before the trees are large enough to admit tapping, it will be not improper, but of great utility to the community, to examine, meanwhile, those indigenous plants, from which likewise a useful substitute for the West-India sugar may be extracted; and it is with this view I have made the following experiments:

Experiments to obtain Sugar from India-Corn.

India-Corn (Zea Mays) is said to contain, according to Von Justi, sugar, particularly in the nodes of the young stalks, from which Mr. Jacquin, of Vienna, has successfully prepared it; and this is farther confirmed by Mr. Marabelli, in a dissertation on the subject. It is likewise reported, that the extraction of the sugar from the stalks of India-corn, growing particularly in a marshy soil, has been tried in Italy upon a large scale, but afterwards left off again, as it was found not to answer the purpose, the sugar thus obtained being more expensive than common raw sugar. To be convinced by my own experience, on this subject, I made some experiments, of which the following are the results: A quantity of India-corn was cultivated in a tolerable, and somewhat marshy soil, for the purpose: when the young plants were about six inches high, the leaves, when chewed, had a sweetish taste, but the stalks, particularly about the nodes, tasted quite like sugar. These young plants being cut off as near the ground as possible, freed from the leaves, and sufficiently cleaned; ten pounds of them were cut in pieces, and, being pounded in a stone mortar, the juice was expressed, which weighed three pounds. This juice, whose sweetish taste had still a disagreeable flavour of herbs, was clarified with the white of eggs, after which that taste was scarcely perceptible; and being thickened to the consistence of a syrup, eight ounces of a very agreeable tasting syrup were obtained.

Examination of the Spikes of India-Corn.

As the young spikes, when they are beginning to form, possess a very agreeable saccharine taste, they were thought fit for being examined. Ten pounds of them were accordingly squeezed in a stone mortar, and the juice expressed, after the leaves had been stripped off. These gave four pounds of a milky juice, which could not be rendered perfectly clear by the white of eggs. By a slow evaporation to the consistence of a syrup, nine ounces of a brown agreeable tasting syrup were got, but which differed from the former by being more mucilaginous.

Examination of Stalks of India-corn, of a more advanced growth.

Twenty pounds of these stalks were cut in pieces, and with the addition of water, squeezed in a stone mortar, and the juice expressed, which possessed a disagreeable and somewhat acrid taste. Being in the same manner thickened to the consistence of a syrup, twelve ounces of syrup were obtained, which had a disagreeable saline taste, and might rather be considered as a vegetable extract, than as sugar.

Experiments for obtaining Dry Sugar from India-Corn.

To learn, whether it was possible to exhibit a crystallisible sugar from this plant, the syrups prepared from the young stalks and the spikes were each dissolved by itself in fresh lime-water, and gently boiled, by which a great part of their impuri-

ties was carried off. The liquor being strained through a woolen cloth, each of them was boiled to the thickness of a syrup, which was put in a glass, and set eight months in a warm place, when little crystallisations of sugar appeared, which were with difficulty separable from the fluid. For this purpose each syrup was evaporated by a gentle fire, till they became dry, and this mass was digested with alkoholized spiritus vini to ebullition. The fluid still hot was instantly poured through a linen cloth, whereon the mucilaginous parts remained, but on the cooling of the spirituous solution, a true sugar, of a yellow colour, crystallised in small grains. The alkohol being drawn from the remaining fluid, by distillation, another portion of sugar was got by gentle evaporation; and altogether, two ounces from the syrup of the young stalks, and one ounce and a half from that of the spikes.

By these experiments it is sufficiently shewn, that from the young fresh stalks, as well as from the spikes, of India-corn, a true sugar can be extracted; but as its separation from the gummons and other particles mixed with it is combined with such difficulties, and the gain so inconsiderable, that a pound of raw sugar from this plant would cost one rixdollar, or above three shillings, appears that no profit or economy will arise from the fabrication of this sugar.

Experiments for obtaining Sugar from the Siberia Cow-Parsnep.

The Russian cow-parsnep (Heracleum Sphondylium Lin; Heracleum sibiricum) has been long known, as a plant containing a great deal of saccharine matter, in which respect, according to Steller (in his travels to Kamtchatka, in German) it deserves the next place to the sugar-cane, and the natives call it the sweet herb or Ratsh. According to Gmelin (Flora Sibirica, s. 1. p. 214) it does not differ from our common cow-parsnep, but others think it a particular species, to which they give the name of Sphondylium Penaces. The inhabitants of Kamtchatka gather the stalks of this plant in June, and having stripped off the leaves, they shave off the outer skin with muscle shells, and dry them in the sun, and afterwards they are chewed for the sake of sucking out the saccharine matter. In drying the surface of the stalks, it is covered with a white saccharine powder, which they separate by shaking them in a leather bag; but forty pounds of them afford only a quarter of a pound of this powder-sugar, which therefore is considered as a great rarity. Besides this the stalks and roots of the plants are employed for obtaining a sort of brandy. I was supplied with some fresh plants of the Heracleum sibiricum for my experiments, but finding that the stalks were by no means so rich in sugar, as it is related of those plants growing in Sibiria, I tried the roots, of which I got four pounds, whose taste is sweetish, like that of parsneps. Having freed them from the outer skin they were dried, but no saccharine crust appeared on the surface. They were therefore ground; and being mixed with water the juice was pressed, which tasted sweetish, but a little acrid. Being boiled with the white of eggs, and clarified, it was thickened to the consistence of a syrup, of which six ounces were got, wherein after a space of three months, a brown grainy sugar had crystallized, which however was not quite free from a disagreeable flavour. Though it is shown by these experiments, that sugar may be obtained from that plant, yet the preparation of the sugar is too expensive, for making use of it in economy. It is however probable, that the soil has a great influence upon the plant, and that therefore those growing in Siberia are richer in sugar.

Experiments to obtain Sugar from the Must of Wine.

It might be presumed from the taste of must obtained from ripe

grapes, that a considerable quantity of saccharine matter is contained in it, though involved by mucilage. To try whether a true sugar could be extracted from it, some experiments were undertaken. Eight Berlin quarts of must, from ripe sweet grapes, were seethed with the white of eggs, clarified and filtered. The fluid being evaporated, gave three pounds of an agreeable but acidulous syrup. To take away this free acid, the syrup was dissolved again in limewater, and so much of it added, till no acid was perceived by reagents. The fluid being again clarified and evaporated, a very agreeable syrup was obtained, from which it was by no means possible to exhibit crystallised sugar. However, this syrup would, at the high price of must, not be very profitable.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES.

Hanover, (Vt.) Dec. 2.

A remarkable bird was last Saturday killed by Henry Nevens, of this town. It was upwards of three feet in height.....though it weighed but twelve pounds, it was judged sufficiently stout, and bold enough to have attempted and even destroyed the lives of calves, sheep, and lambs. Its wings extended, measured seven feet, eight inches; and its claws were two and one-fourth inches in length. This fowl is supposed to be of the eagle species; but few of this size are rarely met with in this part of the country. What is remarkable, Mr. Nevens shot him flying, sitting on his horse.

Reading, Penn. Dec. 3.

In the night of Monday and Tuesday, the 29th ult. the barn and stables of Mr. Waters Dewees, at Birdsborough, with ten of his best horses, and a quantity of grain and hay, were entirely consumed by fire, and so violent were the flames that nothing of this valuable property could possibly be saved, only the riding horse of Mr. Dewees, who escaped much burned, and will hardly ever be fit for use. The worst of the horses was worth fifty pounds ....Nobody knows how the fire broke out.

Boston, Dec. 5.

Two highway robberies have been committed in the vicinity of this town, within these few days. On Tuesday evening about 7 o'clock, Mr. John Winship, returning home from market, was attacked by three persons on the Medford and Menotomy road, opposite the Ten-Hills farm, in Charlestown, robbed of between twenty and thirty dollars in silver, and severely wounded. On Friday evening, on the same road and near the same spot, a Mr. Batley, of Charlestown, on his return from a journey to the upper parts of the country, was assailed by seven persons, two of whom entered his chaise, and presenting pistols at his breast, demanded his money, and took all he had about him, then threw him on the ground, searched for his pocked-book and watch; and not finding either, bade him get into his chaise and go back to Medford..... After proceeding about forty rods, thinking the robbers had dispersed, he attempted to get to Charlestown; but on arriving at the spot where he had before been robbed, he was again assailed by the robbers, and obliged to return to Medford, where he continued all night. The robbers were armed with musquets and pistols.

Raleigh, N. C. Dec. 6.

A bed of gold ore has been lately discovered in Cabarrus county, in this state, in a creek running through the land of Mr John Reed, a native of Hesse Cassel, in Germany, which

promises to be a source of great riches to the proprietor. The metal was first found by two or three children of Mr. Reed, who were fishing. They brought a few pieces home to their father, as a curiosity, ignorant of its value. On examination, the ore was found not only to be gold, but gold of a very pure quality. Since this discovery, these little boys have picked up daily from one hundred to one hundred and twenty penny-weights (worth upwards of twenty pounds sterling) but the proprietor has lately found a lump of the ore twenty-eight pounds weight, which it is supposed, when fluxed will yield twenty-seven pounds of pure gold, and is worth upwards of five thousand six hundred dollars! These facts are assured to us by one of the members of our general assembly from Cabarras, now in this city, who has in his possession two specimens of this precious metal, one as it is found and the other as purified.

Staunton, Vir. Dec. 9.

A melancholy accident happened on Thursday, the 1st instant, in this country. The kitchen of Mr. Coiner was consumed by fire, and with it two of his children, one about two and the other about four years of age together with a negro child. Mrs. Coiner and the children being at home by themselves, she, while cleaning the house, told them to go to the kitchen, a few minutes after having occasion to go there herself, discovered it enveloped in flames, supposed to have originated by the children in playing with the fire, dropping some coals in a quantity of flax contiguous to the door, which prevented her from entering, she immediately ran to a hole in the wall where she beheld her tender offspring with uplifted hands, supplicating assistance; her exertions to rescue them were in vain; on taking hold of their arms they slipped from her grasp, the skin remaining in her hands; she made a second effort, and got the head of one through the crevice, but being unable to get it farther, it was consumed together with the others, in sight of its agonized parent. Their bones were gathered up on the following day and decently interred.

Alexandria, December 12.

Flour inspected in the town of Alexandria, for the quarter ending the 11th December, 1803:

10,485 barrels
1,938 half barrels
119 barrels Indian meal.

Philadelphia, December 13.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, a fire broke out in an unfinished three story brick house, situated on the south side of Sansom-street, near Seventh-street. Although the citizens immediately repaired to the place, and used every effort in their power to stop its progress, it was not subdued until it had destroyed the house in which it originated, and seven other new brick buildings of the same size, adjoining it. The burning shingles were carried by the force of the wind, in a south-westerly direction, several squares from the place, and they would probably have occasioned other conflagrations had not the houses been previously wet by a seasonable rain. These buildings were nearly tenantable, but fortunately neither of them were occupied by a family. We understand that they were the property of industrious carpenters and bricklayers....some of whom, it is said, are not in a situation to bear so heavy a loss. None of the houses were insured.

New-York, December 15.

There is now in the harbour of New York, 131 ships, 96 brigs, 146 schooners, and 354 sloops....total 727: exclusive of mill, market, pleasure, and ferry boats, pettiaugers, &c. a greater number than has been in it at one time since the revolutionary war.

December 16.

We can hardly recollect so severe a gale of wind as has prevailed dur-

ing the last forty-eight hours. It commenced before day on Tuesday, accompanied with violent rain. Our harbour crowded with shipping and coasting craft, was exposed, especially on the Hudson side of the town, to all its rage. The following vessels were either dashed to pieces against the wharves and adjoining vessels, or sunk. In the North river near the hay-scales, a schooner belonging to Mr. John Hatfield, of Staten-island, laden with hay; and a sloop, name unknown: near the corporation dock, a sloop laden with wood and marketing: off the battery a sloop laden with pork, beef, cheese, &c. in the East river, near the Exchange-slip, a schooner belonging to Mr. Cornwell, owner of the mills at Red hook, laden with flower; and a schooner belonging to Mr. Reynolds. Exclusive of the above, which have been completely wrecked, a vast number have sustained more or less injury, and the total damage cannot be rated at less than twenty thousand dollars.

December 17.

The lovers of the fine arts will be gratified to learn, that a very ingenious painter from Italy, has taken his residence in this state, which we hope soon to see enriched with his productions. Mr. Zuchotti some time since arrived and took lodging in Roxbury, where he remained unnoticed and unknown, till a gentleman gave him his permission to ornament a room which he was finishing. The superior beauty and elegance of this performance caught the eye of a watchmaker of taste who was fitting up a shop in Boston; Mr. Z. was engaged to embellish it; when this second work was finished, his genius was suffered no longer to remain in obscurity; for, from the liberal citizens of Boston, he had immediate applications for work, the completion of which will take more than two years.

Carlisle, Penn. Dec. 14.

On Saturday morning last, a fire broke out in the dwelling-house of John Steele, esq. about one mile from this borough, and before any assistance could reach the place was burnt to the ground. All his furniture, together with a large quantity of grain, which was in the upper story of the house, were entirely consumed.

Haverhill, Dec. 20.

On Saturday last, a barn in Andover, containing twenty head of cattle, a horse chaise, and a quantity of grain, hay, &c. belonging to Mr. Nathanial Gage, was entirely consumed by fire. It is supposed this accident was occasioned by a negro boy, who carried fire in a mug, into the barn, to warm his hands while foddering the cattle.

On Sunday night, the 18th December, Mr. Phineas Moody, of Somers, (Con.) who had for some time previous been in a low, melancholy state of mind, was led to the horrid purpose of murdering his family and himself.

After the family were asleep, he procured an axe with which he in the first place killed his wife and infant child, about twelve months old. His wife was badly cut in several places; her arm, on which probably the child lay, was cut almost entirely off, likely by the blow which dispatched the infant. He then went up into a chamber where a niece of his slept, about eight years of age, whom he mangled in a shocking manner.

She had several gashes of the axe in different parts of her face, neck, and breast; three of her fingers cut entirely off, and others partly. He then returned to the room where his wife was, and left the axe, went into a lower room, and cut his throat from ear to ear. He was about 40 years of age. The next morning the deed was discovered by a little lad who went to the house with an errand, who spread the alarm..... The scene was enough to "harrow up the soul" of a stoic. A jury of inquest was immediately summoned who brought in a verdict of.... *Wilful Murder!*

New-Bedford, Dec. 28.

On the 16th instant, the deputy-marshal, agreeable to previous notice, proceeded to sell by public auction, at twelve o'clock, on that day, a quantity of rum and molasses, which had been justly forfeited by law, for an attempt to evade the payment of the duties. At the commencement of the sale, a mob collected to the number of one hundred and fifty or two hundred, with an evident determination to abuse any person who should over bid the original owners....two or three respectable individuals from the country, saw proper, notwithstanding these "squally appearances," to make higher bids; they were shamefully abused, and one of them, after an unsuccessful attempt had been made to throw him into the dock, was beaten in a most shocking manner, and it was only by the most spirited exertions of his friends, that he was rescued from the hands of the ruffians, in so mangled and exhausted a situation that his life was at first despaired of. We forbear adding more at present, we regret that a cause should exist for saying so much, and sincerely hope, for the honour of that ancient town, that the instigators of so daring an outrage on the laws of civilized society, will receive the punishment which their conduct merits.

Late in the fall of the year 1798, as I went down the Ohio in company with three or four others, we lodged one night at a house on the bank of the river opposite to the upper end of a small island, about thirteen miles above Marietta. In the morning our landlord asked us if we would go over to the island to see the big tree. I had several years before heard of a remarkably large tree somewhere on the Ohio, but had not recollected where, neither had I much curiosity to see it.... however, the company being very desirous to go, I went with them.... the island is supposed to contain about ten or twelve acres of land, lying low, just above high water. I thought it one of the finest or richest pieces of land I had ever seen. At a few perches from the shore our conductor brought us to the stump of a large tree, indeed. The stump was about twelve or fifteen feet high, and being hollow, there was a kind of door cut in one side, where I went in, the shell was about two or three inches thick and the cavity nearly circular. We had the curiosity to measure the diameter on the ground inside, and found it upwards of eighteen feet, and as high as we could reach up, it was about thirteen and an half feet on the outside, on the ground the circumference was about sixty feet, but not quite so much higher up, though it kept its thickness remarkably. The tree had two large branches or limbs, which were broken down, and had fallen in opposite directions. One of these limbs, at the distance of twenty steps, or about sixty feet from the root of the tree, we all supposed to be six feet in diameter, the other I did not so particularly attend to, but one of the young men in company told me he stood upright in the hollow, in this end of it, as it lay near the root of the stump. These branches had separated from each other, perhaps fifteen or twenty feet high."

Cabarras County, N. Carolina.

The gold mind in Cabarras, has of late drawn the attention of a number of our citizens very much. Indeed it has so far engaged the minds of many, that it has become the common theme in almost every company. The fact is, it has lately produced wonders. Besides a variety of less magnitude, there was, about three weeks ago, one lump found just below the surface of the earth, that weighed twenty-eight pounds, steellyard weight. This, at the common calculation will be worth about seven thousand dollars. So that from its present appearance it is well worthy of notice.

Fredericksburg, Vir. Dec. 29.

On Monday last, Mr. William Thornton and Mr. Francis Conwa

met, in consequence of a previous misunderstanding, in the neighbourhood of this town, and sorry we are to announce, that the event proved fatal to both parties.

In the same hour on Tuesday last they both departed this life.

By their untimely fate two weeping mothers are left to deplore the loss of two dutiful sons, their children two affectionate brothers, and society two most promising citizens. The surviving relations are in a situation easier to be imagined than described.

Lynchburg, Vir. Dec. 28.

On Saturday, the 24th instant, at the store of Mr. Abner Early, in Campbell, a period was put to the life of Mr. Bluford Early, who expired a few minutes after receiving the contents of a loaded gun, from the hands of Isaac Butterworth.... said to have been done intentionally ....a controversy having previously taken place between them. The particulars of this event we have not learnt. Mr. Early was a man much respected, and in the prime of life.

Leesburg.

During the gust of rain on Sunday evening last a Negro quarter of col. T. L. Lee's, near Goose creek, was struck by lightning, and two negroes were struck dead, and six or seven wounded; one of the wounded soon died, and it is hoped the others are out of danger. They had assembled for the laudable purpose of prayer, and were singing hymns at the period of this awful visitation.

The following is said to be an accurate statement of the number of post-offices in the several states, districts, and territories of the union:

State of	Virginia	199
	New-York	159
	Pennsylvania	102
	Massachusetts	24
	North-Carolina	83
	Maryland	74
	New-Jersey	57
	Connecticut	54
	Vermont	48
	New-Hampshire	46
	South-Carolina	46
	Kentucky	36
	Tennessee	28
	Georgia	23
	Delaware	14
	Ohio	13
	Rhode-Island	8
District of	Maine	53
	Columbia	3
Missisippi	Territory	9
Indiana	do.	9
	Total.....	1,159

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.

Several workmen engaged in digging a well for Mr. Samuel Wigton, Hudson, New-York state, a few rods from an upright rock, which forms the bank of the river in front of that city, a few days since threw up a number of fragments of well burnt bricks, which were found about 40 feet under the surface of the earth. The account which the workmen gave of a discovery so singular, was at first considered as a trick to impose on the credulous people, until two gentlemen, to convince themselves, descended to the bottom of the well, and with a pick axe, dug some out of the hard compacted gravel, which still retain perfectly the impression of the mould. No whole bricks were seen, though a workman broke with his spade one which he thinks was entire, and says the pieces when put together, would have made a brick of about eight or nine inches in length. The horizontal or allovial strata of earth, perforated in digging the well, were as follows, or nearly so: five feet yellow sand, sixteen feet of yellow clay, seventeen feet marl, very ponderous, and of a blue colour, resembling that of the lime rock in the vicinity; one and an half feet redish ocherons and gravel, six inches hard pan, or gravel cemented with marl, one and an half feet fine yellow sand, and three feet coarse slaty gravel.